SCREENLAND

★ ICC

April

15¢

Janet Blair

THE NEW
Donald O'Connor
—Peggy Ryan
PICTURE
FICTIONIZED

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SERIAL RECORD
APR 3 1944

JUDY GARLAND ANSWERS YOUR INTIMATE QUESTION

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Barbara Stanwyck

SOON TO BE SEEN IN PARAMOUNT'S
"DOUBLE INDEMNITY"



Tru-Color Lipstick

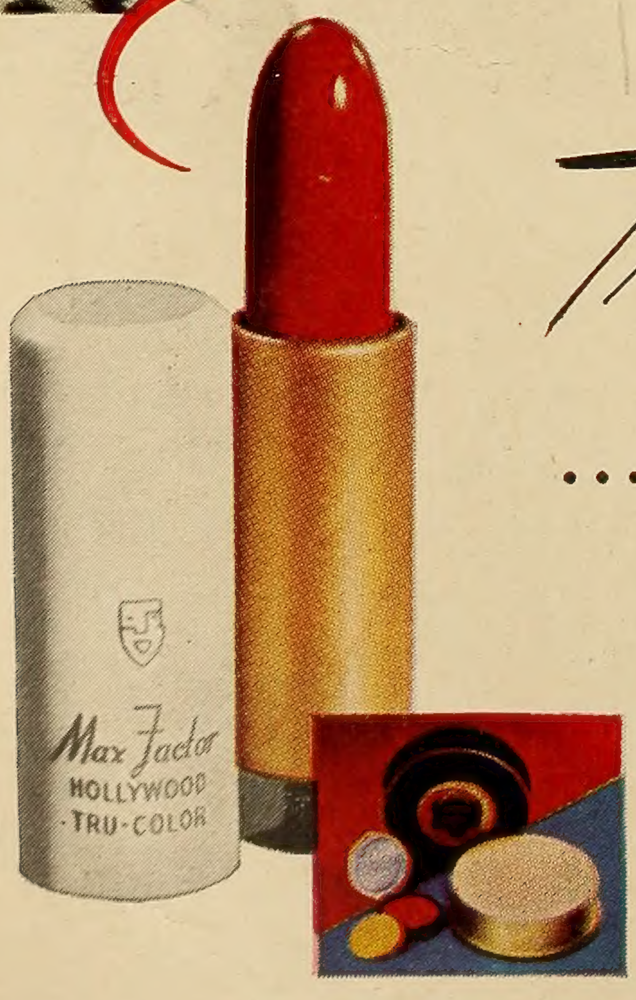
... the color stays on through every lipstick test

GLAMOROUS REDS, lovely reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on an original patented color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood*... $1.00

ORIGINAL COLOR HARMONY SHADES FOR EVERY TYPE



BLONDE ***BRUNETTE*** ***BROWNETTE*** ***REDHEAD***



Complete your make-up
IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH
MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD
FACE POWDER AND ROUGE



Max Factor - Hollywood

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

a lovely smile has beau-catching charm!



Help keep your smile sparkling and appealing with the aid of Ipana and Massage!

DARE TO DREAM, Plain Girl! How do other girls make their fondest hopes come true? How do they win hearts and happiness? Seldom are they great beauties. But often, very often, they succeed because *they know how to smile!*

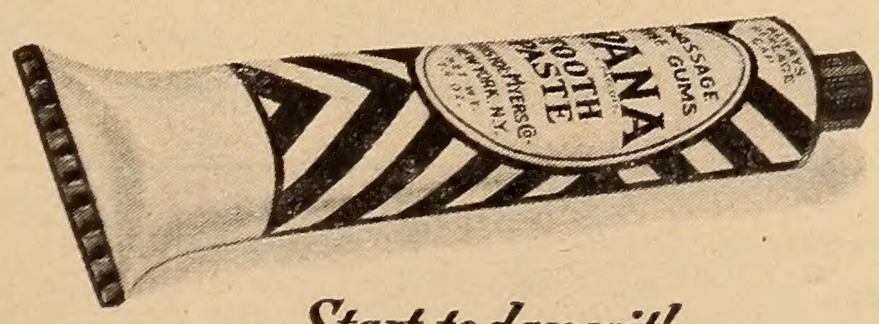
So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a brief, hesitant smile, but one that flashes out radiant and appealing. Remember, though, for such a smile, teeth must be sound and sparkling. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender—deprived of work by soft, creamy foods. And as thousands of dentists do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana not only cleans teeth but, with massage, helps the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness.

Start today with Ipana and massage to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiant!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE



A Bright Star wherever she goes—the girl with a radiant smile. Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and massage.



A snappy salute is in order—as M-G-M brings "See Here, Private Hargrove" to the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the best-seller G. I. story!

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Walker whose own private life reads like a composite biography of the average private, plays the title role!



Walker worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, survived a wreck at sea, then turned to the film-world for more excitement.

★ ★ ★ ★

He made his bow to picture-audiences as the sailor-boy in "Bataan"—followed this with a role in "Madame Curie". His checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie. ★ ★ ★ ★

"See Here, Private Hargrove" should be seen. It's definitely in the nature of a command performance for every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother.

★ ★ ★ ★

Or even if your closest association with the service is the memory of the smiling kid next door!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's film is a rollicking, entertaining revelation of a masculine world!

★ ★ ★ ★

With lovely Donna Reed providing the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

★ ★ ★ ★

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion.

★ ★ ★ ★

George Haight produced with great gusto.

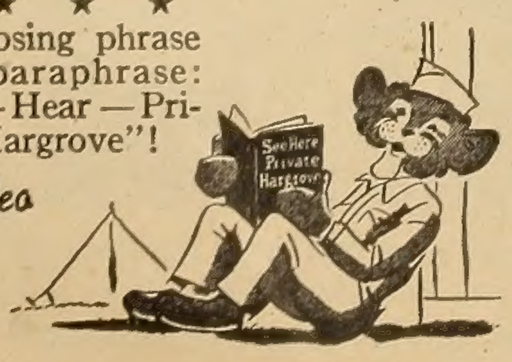
★ ★ ★ ★

Leo gives a hand to Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and the initial pat on the back to the newspaperman who became a private—then told the world all about it!

★ ★ ★ ★

Our closing phrase is a paraphrase: "See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

—Leo



SCREENLAND

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★ Every Story a Feature! ★

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Shirley Temple, in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away"

Marilyn Maxwell, M-G-M actress; Belita, star of Monogram's "Lady, Let's Dance;" Mickey Rooney, in "National Velvet;" and Ann Sheridan, seen next in Warners' "Shine On, Harvest Moon"

Joseph Cotten, appearing in "Gaslight" for M-G-M

Picture Pages:

Luscious Linda (Linda Darnell); *Sugar Girl* (Vicki Styles); *Sweet Peggy O'Neill;* SCREENLAND *Salutes Gail Russell; Photo Previews of the New Films; Pin-Up Girl Fashions* (Betty Grable)

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Cover Portrait of JANET BLAIR, appearing in Columbia's "Curly," with Cary Grant. Kodachrome by Coburn.

APRIL, 1944

Paul Hunter, President
Homer Rockwell, Executive Vice President and Advertising Manager
Lee Wagner, Circulation Manager

VOLUME FORTY EIGHT
NUMBER SIX

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

The First Great Rookie Comedy of the War



M-G-M Presents
THE LAUGHS OF A NATION!

with **ROBERT WALKER** as Private Hargrove



See Here, Private Hargrove

Yes! The riotous Best Seller is on the Screen!

DONNA REED · KEENAN WYNN
ROBERT BENCHLEY
RAY COLLINS · CHILL WILLS

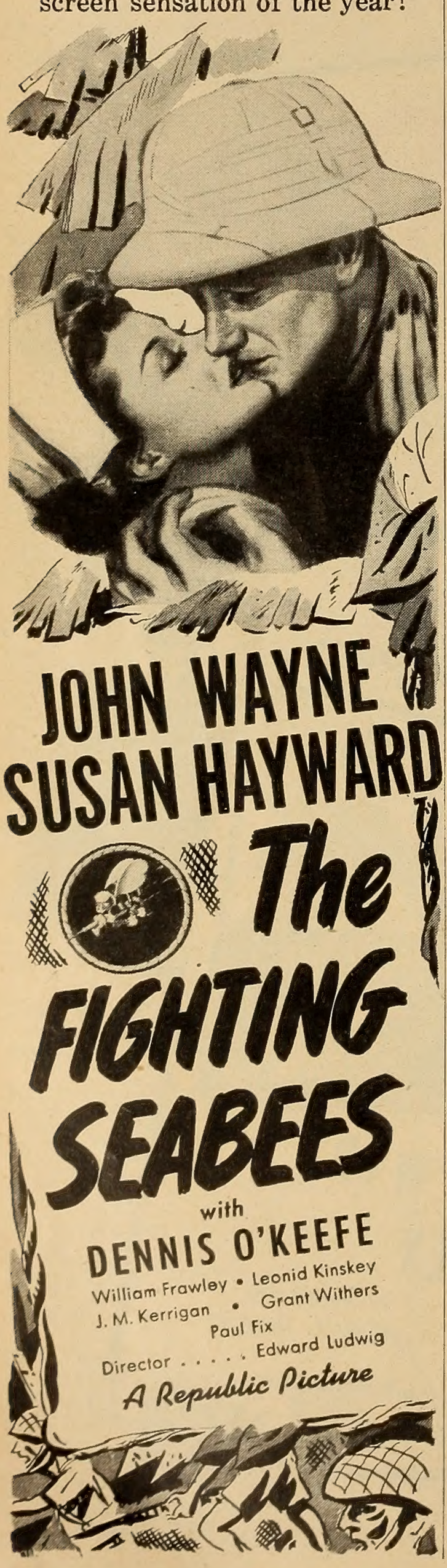
Directed by WESLEY RUGGLES · Produced by GEORGE HAIGHT

Screen Play by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the book by Marion Hargrove

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

Romance of the Seven Seas

The first vivid drama of the Navy's men of might! Ready to land! Ready to love! Ready to fight! The first great screen sensation of the year!



JOHN WAYNE
SUSAN HAYWARD

The FIGHTING SEABEES

with

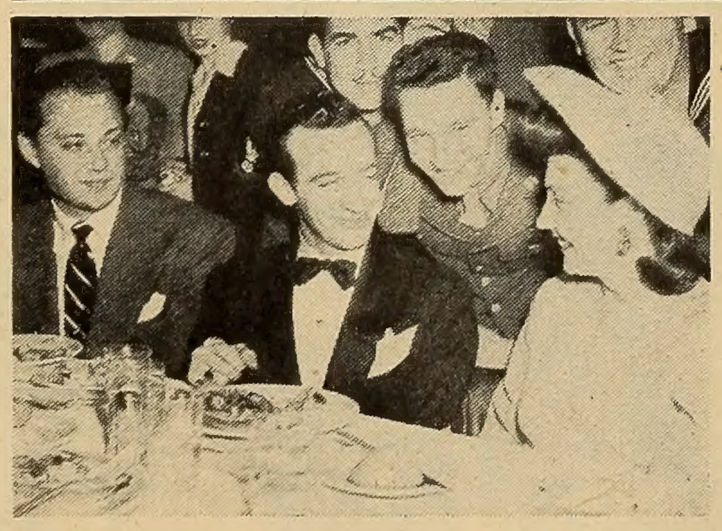
DENNIS O'KEEFE

William Frawley • Leonid Kinskey
J. M. Kerrigan • Grant Withers
Paul Fix

Director . . . . . Edward Ludwig

A Republic Picture







GLAMOR girls who turned their backs on careers in favor of families will in future be publicized as Glamor Mothers! They include Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Brenda Marshall, Brenda Joyce, Gene Tierney and Joan Bennett.

Producers now inquire carefully into the status of young starlets. Single girls get preference in castings. Engaged girls and brides won't get big build-ups.

WHEN Maria Montez played a local theater with a picture showing her in a bubble bath in technicolor—the tub was pink marble and Maria was lovely clad in bubbles — a sailor stopped the show, shouting: "Stand up, Maria, and take a bow!" (*More Gossip on page* 10)



Above left, Harry James sits in with Lynn Bari and her new husband, Sid Luft. Above, Bonita Granville appears with a new escort; Joe Pasternak with Gloria De Haven—all seen at Palladium, Hollywood's popular ballroom.



Paramount's gripping picturization of Dorothy MacArdle's hair-raising story of the supernatural—the most fascinating novel since "Rebecca"!

"The Uninvited"

STARRING

Ray Milland · Ruth Hussey · Donald Crisp

with **Cornelia Otis Skinner** and Introducing **Gail Russell**

Directed by LEWIS ALLEN • Screen Play by Dodie Smith and Frank Partos

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

Melisse

introduces you to Paramount's exciting new beauty . . . GAIL RUSSELL!



It all came about when Paramount's talent scout gave two soldiers a lift. They told him about the Beautiful girl they left behind . . . gulp, at junior high, who not only knew her books, gulp . . . but, majored in Glammer! . . . "The Swoon o' the Room!" so . . . Woop, WHOOOP! A New Paramount Star was born. Yes, Lovely Gail Russell-ed forth from school-girl movie-fan to Paramount's Movie-land.

• • •

Gail is a lovely brunette with hazy subtropical eyes, and a sort of frail but voluptuous sleeping beauty magic.

• • •

You'll see her now in "The Uninvited" as the ghost-haunted heroine. Ah, Yes, a Mystery . . . an Open scandal of the strange past comes haunting this lovely child, affecting her first exciting love and causing most unusual nocturnal disturbances.



A locked door! an old mansion! She is forbidden to (Wouldn't you like to know?) . . .Then there's a chill wind —a creeping mist with a clinging scent of mimosa! moanin' low with choking sobs that draws her to the cliff's edge . . . STOP! (For the cliff's edge she wears a very demure gown, pure white and very transparent with nothing to match.)



Some pretty strange goings on in this picture, if you ask me . . . things that you just can't put in writing. A Delightful thriller that will leave you breathless with excitement!

• • •

Whoops, here comes that strange mist again—gotta go now!

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EXCITEMENT FROM HOLLYWOOD!

"NAILHEAD JUMPER"



JANE WYATT
Lovely Hollywood Screen Actress

Two-tone harmony... glamour-plus tailoring! Smart nailhead trim. Two-tone idea, slenderizing waistband makes you look slim as a reed! Sizes 10 to 18. **$7.98,** *plus postage.*

Blouse—Flattering high neck—coquette bow! Long full sleeves! Beautiful rayon crepe, in white only. Sizes 32 to 38, **$3.98,** *plus postage.*

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6402 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, HOLLYWOOD (28), CALIFORNIA
Send no money. We mail C. O. D.
If you are not completely satisfied, we will gladly refund your money.
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BETTY CO-ED OF HOLLYWOOD, Dept. 645
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Please send **"Nailhead Jumper"**, at **$7.98,** plus postage.
POWDER and NAVY ☐ AQUA and BROWN ☐ GOLD and BROWN ☐ RED and NAVY ☐
(Mark 1st and 2nd choice of color combinations)
Size: 10 12 14 16 18 (Circle size)
Blouse, at **$3.98,** plus postage.
Size: 32 34 36 38 (Circle size)
(Please print name, etc. plainly.)
NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ STATE_____



Your GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*



LIFEBOAT—*20th Century-Fox*

Alfred Hitchcock is given plenty of material for suspense in John Steinbeck's story of nine survivors afloat in a bullet-riddled lifeboat. Besides the storms, the unrelenting sun, thirst and hunger, the author has also given the survivors another element to fight—the cunning bestiality of the German U-boat Captain, who gains their confidence and finally control of the lifeboat. Tallulah Bankhead is a definite attraction as the newspaper woman who maintains her charm through her last smidgeon of lipstick. John Hodiak, Hume Cronyn, William Bendix and Henry Hull give fine performances, and Walter Slezak fits the villain's rôle to a T.



IN OUR TIME—*Warner Bros.*

The story of a Polish Count who marries an English working girl and takes her into the bosom of his aristocratic, tradition-ridden family furnishes a beautifully sentimental romance for Paul Henreid and Ida Lupino—a team you'll want to see again. The family—stuffy, to say the least—is completely unsympathetic with their attempts to put the estate on a paying basis, substituting modern machinery for the old-world, out-of-date methods. They succeed finally in educating the peasants but the family, with the exception of *Uncle Leopold* (a grand character played by Michael Chekhov) remains in its nice comfortable rut, totally unprepared for war.



A GUY NAMED JOE—M-G-M

Aviators' heaven combines with the realistic world to make this a fascinating fantasy. Spencer Tracy is fine as the cocky pilot who becomes a member of the spirit world to guide young air cadets in the art of flying. Assigned to a wealthy young stick-in-the-mud (Van Johnson), he takes it upon himself to guide him also in the art of making the right approach to young ladies. He has regrets, however, when his protégé meets the girl he still loves. Irene Dunne plays this rôle and handles admirably the mixed emotions she's required to display. Lionel Barrymore, seen briefly as "Heaven's C.O.", delivers a couple of long but effective speeches.



ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES—*Universal*

Walter Wanger surpasses the dazzle and glitter of "Arabian Nights" in this new film based on the famous fable. Maria Montez in colorful costumes looks and acts every bit the part of *Amara*, whose traitorous father offers her in marriage to the Khan. Jon Hall is handsome and dashing as *Ali Baba*, who inspires the *Forty Thieves* to free Baghdad of the Mongolian ruler. Turhan Bey plays a faithful servant, a sympathetic part which should elevate him still further in the esteem of the feminine populace. Andy Devine is jovial and funny and Kurt Katch is mean and sinister. What more could you ask in the way of romance and adventure?



SONG OF RUSSIA—M-G-M

Robert Taylor's last picture for the duration is a tender love story enacted for the most part between lengthy concerts of Tschaikowsky—all of which we enjoyed, but some may find over-balances the romance. The girl is a Russian peasant and accomplished pianist. The boy is a famous American symphony conductor on tour in peacetime Russia. They meet, marry, and find perfect happiness until their ways are parted by the Nazi putsch. The mood changes abruptly with war scenes of scorched earth, showing tenacious Russia on the defense—a trifle out of date with today's headlines. Susan Peters excites great interest. (*More Reviews on page 16*)

Matchless music by **JEROME KERN**

Lilting lyrics by **IRA GERSHWIN**

Dazzling **TECHNICOLOR**

Enchanting **LOVE STORY**

Entrancing **DANCING**

and *15* of America's most Beautiful **COVER GIRLS!**

All this ...

and *Hayworth*

too!

RITA HAYWORTH
GENE KELLY

Cover Girl

in TECHNICOLOR

with **Lee Bowman · Phil Silvers · Jinx Falkenburg**

Screen Play by VIRGINIA VAN UPP · Produced by Arthur Schwartz · Directed by **CHARLES VIDOR** · A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Stop a minute and check up on the list below. Do you belong to any of the groups shown there? If so, then you really *must* discover Tampax, which was originated and perfected by a physician to help women keep active during those "trying days" of the month.

▶ Housewives	Gardeners ◀
▶ War workers	Taxi drivers ◀
▶ Secretaries	Club Women ◀
▶ Students	Teachers ◀
▶ Service Women	Nurses ◀
▶ Sales clerks	Bank tellers ◀

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

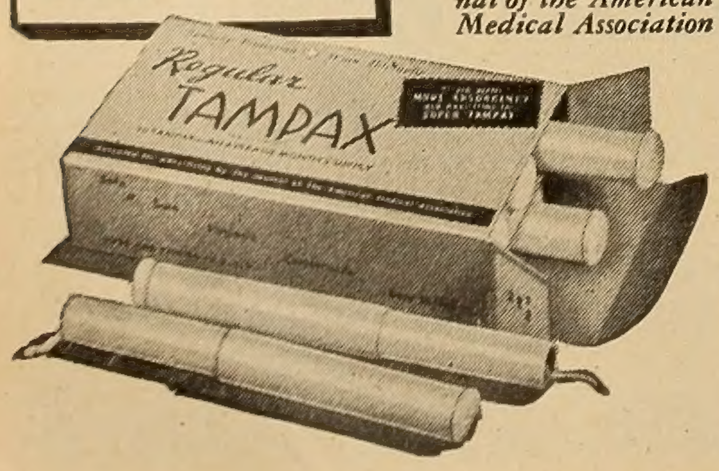
Tampax prevents embarrassment in two ways. Being worn internally it does not cause *costume bulges* and it does not cause *odor*. Tampax needs no belts, pins or pads. Made of pure absorbent cotton, it comes compressed in throw-away applicator. Insertion is quick and dainty—disposal easy. Wear Tampax in shorts or slacks or bathing suit. Wear it in tub or shower or while in swimming. It's really modern!

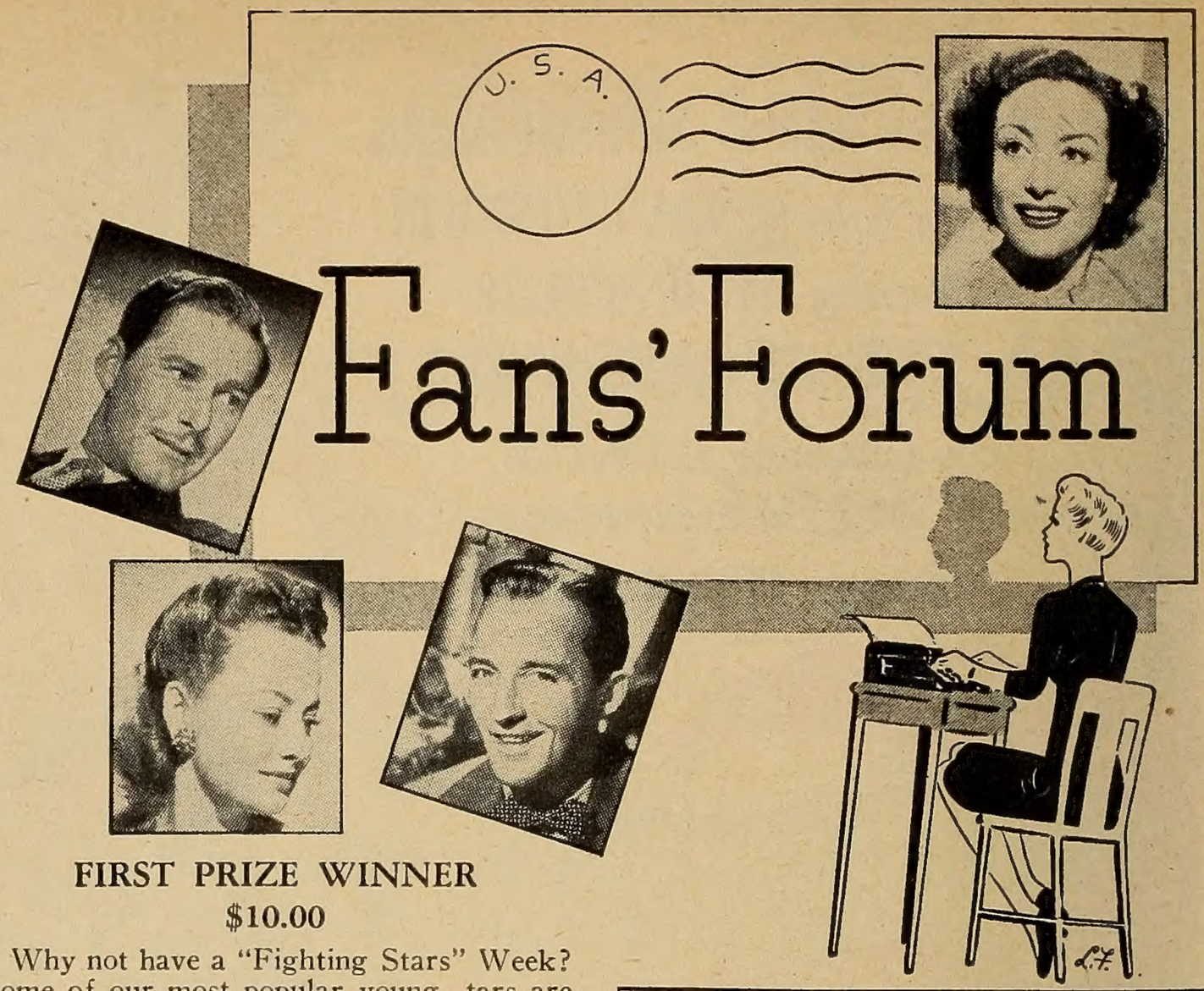
Three sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) provide a choice of three different *absorbencies* for early days and waning days. Ask at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Or for 98¢ you can have the Economy Package containing an average 4 months' supply! Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
SUPER JUNIOR

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association





Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
$10.00

Why not have a "Fighting Stars" Week? Some of our most popular young stars are in the armed forces today — Gable, Montgomery, Stewart, Fairbanks, Jr., Power, and dozens of others—and we would enjoy seeing again some of their thoroughly entertaining pictures.

It would bring to many people the realization that these young men, whom they've grown to know, to love and to admire, are "somewhere" risking their lives for our freedom. It would give these stars a chance to be with us, to be seen and enjoyed, and not forgotten.

A "Salute to Our Fighting Stars" Week could be easily promoted by Hollywood—for their benefit, our benefit and for the benefit of the stars in the services.

Who wouldn't go once again to see: Clark Gable in "It Happened One Night" Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London;" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Prisoner of Zenda;" James Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington;" Robert Montgomery in "Night Must Fall?"

Well—who wouldn't?

PVT. WILL HERMAN, Fort Eustis, Va.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER
$5.00

After I read the January issue of SCREENLAND, I was fighting—or should I say, writing?—mad! I'm referring to your statement that Greer Garson is the screen's "First Lady."

Have you, by any chance, forgotten that there are other actresses, greater actresses, who have been on top longer than Miss Garson? Take Joan Crawford, an actress who lately has not been given the good parts she deserves but who always gives fine performances anyway. Although she is in England, we movie fans have not forgotten the fine performances Vivien Leigh gave in "Waterloo Bridge," "That Hamilton Woman," and her unforgettable portrayal of *Scarlet O'Hara.* American movie-goers are awaiting with eagerness Miss Leigh's return to the screen.

Last, but not least, there is Bette Davis who definitely *is* the screen's "First Lady." Miss Davis has made a hobby out of collecting awards for her unsurpassed talent. The fact that she won her last Academy Award in 1938 does not mean her acting is not what it used to be, because she is nominated every year for the Award. Not many, if any, actresses have a record like that.

Those are just a few reasons why I suggest that SCREENLAND think it over the next time they call Greer Garson, or any actress, the screen's "First Lady."

ALFRED MORITZ, New York, N. Y.

R. S. V. P.

From Pvt. Will Herman of the United States Army comes a valuable suggestion to the movie industry — "Salute to Fighting Stars" Week. But that is just one of many ideas. Every reader of SCREENLAND has at least one suggestion, comment or criticism concerning pictures or people which rates publishing in Fans' Forum. Write us a letter about it. Monthly awards for the best letters published: $10.00, $5.00 and five $1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

I have seen just about every war picture that has been produced, and some are very touching; but none of them digs at my heart like the several accounts I have just read of the trip that Bob Hope and Frances Langford made to entertain our fighting men abroad.

When I read these stories, I passed them on to my buddies. And when they finished reading, they would sit staring into space, thinking, admiring. By going over there, those great people (and, of course, these two aren't the only ones) also did a wonderful job of morale-building right here at home.

If our women have the courage and gallantry to go through what Frances Langford did, just try to imagine what our fighting men can do after their visits. What I'm getting at is this: our movie people are doing such a splendid job that people should know more about it. So how about more news about such things?

SGT. W. R. SLOCUM, Kearns, Utah.



Old friends are best when Colds and Sore throats threaten

THAT'S THE TIME you appreciate your old standby, Listerine Antiseptic, more than ever. So often it can be such a help in fighting the bacteria related to colds.

Used early and frequently as a gargle it may help head off a cold entirely or keep it from getting serious. That goes, too, for simple sore throat which so often accompanies a cold.

Fewer Colds, Fewer Sore Throats for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

There's an impressive lot of evidence to back this statement up. Over and over again, in tests made over a period of twelve years, *those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic regularly every day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle.*

Perhaps you wonder why. The explanation, we believe, is simple:

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the Secondary Invaders, those potentially troublesome germs that can set up housekeeping in almost everybody's mouth.

Many a noted nose and throat specialist holds them responsible for the complications of a cold, much of its discomfort, misery and trouble. They can stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues when wet feet, cold feet, drafts, fatigue or sudden temperature changes put you under par.

Germs Reduced in Tests

It is wise to attack these trouble-makers to forestall, if possible, such a "mass invasion." And that, apparently, is what Listerine Antiseptic so often does.

In actual tests this cool, refreshing antiseptic accomplished reductions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a gargle. One hour later the same tests showed reductions up to 80%.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, this delightful precaution is well worth taking.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
for countless little emergencies



Jinx Falkenburg and Evelyn Keyes, now playing in Columbia's "Nine Girls," find a pleasant way to pass the time between scenes. They wear the sunsuits in the film, too.

Tonight I happened to read the story of the feud between the Sinatra and Crosby fans. It recalled to my mind an amusing incident from last winter, although to us at the time, it was not amusing!

I was stationed with a unit of Army nurses in England and Africa when we were horrified to hear "Brother Bing" was dead. To imagine the United States without Crosby was almost impossible. Our one recording of "White Christmas" was packed carefully and only played on special occasions.

Everyone to whom we wrote to check the news seemed either to ignore the question or didn't know. When I finally became ill and was returned to the United States and discharged from the Army, I often thought how much Bing Crosby's melodious voice really means to innumerable people in this country. There is a quality in it that makes us know everyone at home is or will be okay until we return.

Mr. Sinatra sings very nicely, but Bing Crosby reigns supreme to many of us.

MARY ELLA HOWARD, Ann Arbor, Mich.

The other evening our crowd was discussing the effect which television might have on motion pictures after the war when the former is expected to make great strides toward popular favor. The consensus of opinion was that television, instead of reducing, would actually increase attendance at movie theaters.

As one of those present expressed it: "Television will be launched with the same old barnacle of interrupting commercial announcements clinging to its hull. At first people will be thrilled by seeing the performers on radio programs. But after several evenings of having the visible programs constantly interrupted by the view of an announcer who warns them to take a certain pill, or else, the majority of the television public will exclaim: 'Why, television is nothing but a poor movie with a pill peddler who interrupts too much!' Then they will shun television and go to the real movies in ever-increasing numbers."

FRED B. MANN, Danville, Ill.

This may be a strange request coming from a dyed-in-the-wool Flynn fan, but I wish the magazines would lay off Errol Flynn for a while. Stop the articles, both those building him up, and the detrimental ones. Give us a photo now and then and, of course, news of his pictures. But let his personal life strictly alone. Give him some privacy. The news columnists will keep us informed of the latest scandals, whether true or false, anyway.

Let Mr. Flynn show an unbiased public he has the stuff of which Academy Award winners are made, without all this publicity. I have faith enough in him to believe, if given the chance, he will come through.

You, his fans, support his pictures, naturally. After all, box office receipts and fan letters are the real measures of his popularity and talent.

To the studio: lay off the great lover stories, and sending him out with new starlets to give them a publicity build-up. It's not good for him. Don't send out so many publicity stories about him. They only con-

IRRESISTIBLE as always!

We dedicate to the
CADET NURSE

IRRESISTIBLE air whipt FACE POWDER

For that clear, flower-fresh complexion that distinguishes today's beautiful woman, you need the softer, lighter texture of Irresistible's new AIR-WHIPT Face Powder. Whipped into a delicate mist by mighty whirlwinds of pure, filtered air, Irresistible is your time-saving, sure aid to beauty because it gives your skin a mat-smooth surface, clings longer, stays color-true and is non-drying. Ten flattering new shades.



10c—25c SIZES



IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK
STAYS ON LONGER...S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

tradict themselves and serve to give people the wrong impression of him. People who know nothing of the *real man* are glad to believe the worst. Why make a gigolo out of him and sacrifice him on the altar of some starlet?

Last of all, here's to you, Mr. Flynn. May you have your chance to achieve glory on your own ability!

LUCILLE JENNINGS, Beverly Hills, Calif.

I want to voice my opinion on two actresses, two sisters, in fact—Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Olivia is being put in smaller pictures all the time. It's true, a comedy along the line is good, but Miss de Havilland deserves much bigger and better rôles. People are beginning to say, "She's one of the de Havilland sisters. They say Joan Fontaine is a much greater actress than she." And why not? Look at the terrific parts Joan has been given. Remember "Rebecca?" Then came her Academy Award performance in "Suspicion," followed by "This Above All" and "The Constant Nymph." Her forthcoming pictures are "Jane Eyre" and "Frenchman's Creek." Who wouldn't make good with rôles like that?

While Joan was making these pictures, Olivia was seen in "Hold Back The Dawn" (and I think she should have won an Oscar for this). "They Died With Their Boots On," "In This Our Life," then came "Gone With The Wind" in which she played *Melanie* so magnificently. Who didn't weep during her scenes from that great movie? She had a bit part in "Thank Your Lucky Stars." Then came "Princess O'Rourke," a comedy. RKO then featured her in another comedy entitled "Government Girl." If her next picture, "Devotion," is all it's talked up to be, Olivia ought to be nominated for the Academy Award this year.

Her dramatic acting, to me, is far above her sister's and if she were given greater rôles she could prove it. I think Warner Brothers should commence emphasizing her acting ability as much as other stars'.

LAWRENCE LUDWIG, Revere, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION

It is we, rather than the movies, who are still in the infantile stage. This is betrayed by the feverish intensity with which we interest ourselves in the private lives of the stars. Consider any of the other arts. A singer may have had six husbands, but do opera fans care? A writer or an orchestra leader may be aloof and unsociable, yet this has no effect on his sales or his standing.

Let us resolve — shall we? — to try and grow up this year, to cut out those cracks at Garbo, and to cultivate a mature and more kindly attitude toward a serious art that has long outgrown swaddling clothes.

GERALDINE RAYNE, Vancouver, Canada.



Dennis O'Keefe and Marjorie Reynolds in Edward Small's comedy, "Up In Mabel's Room."

"I quit, Miss Jones— those girls burn me up!"



Amy: Of course I like the job, Miss Jones—but no matter how hard I try to be friendly, those girls snub me. I just *can't take it* any more!

Miss Jones: Amy, dear, we want you to be happy here. You're pretty and capable—you can be *popular,* too! And perhaps I can be of help to you . . .



Amy: Me—guilty of *underarm odor?* Why, I bathe every day!

Miss Jones: But a bath doesn't always last, Amy. Be smart—after baths, use MUM!



Amy: Jonesy was a darling to tip me off about Mum! After this, it's a bath for *past* perspiration, and Mum to prevent risk of *future* underarm odor.



Mum has the advantages so many popular girls want in a deodorant!

It's quick—Half a minute with Mum prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Mum won't irritate skin—even after underarm shaving. Safe for clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

It's sure—Mum works instantly! Keeps you bath-fresh for hours. Get Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Gentle, safe, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose, too.*

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Product of Bristol-Myers

JINX FALKENBURG AND JESS BARKER IN "COVER GIRL," NEW COLUMBIA PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR



Jinx Falkenburg— the Charm of her Hands

Charming hands like Jinx's can be cultivated—and easily.

"I have the simplest, loveliest way of caring for my hands," says Jinx Falkenburg. "And it does help prevent skin-roughness and that *too-old* look."

Jinx Falkenburg uses Jergens Lotion—the famous hand care that's practically professional.

You know the way many doctors help gratey skin become soft and smooth? They apply 2 special ingredients, which are both in your Jergens Lotion. And Jergens never feels sticky.

Favorite Hand Care with Hollywood Stars is Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1



Your Guide to Current Films



THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY— ***United Artists***

The century-old rope bridge linking Lima and San Luis Rey collapsed one day in 1775 and five lives were lost in the abyss below. In the attempt to determine why these people met their fate, the film version of Thornton Wilder's story presents an engrossing tale of love, evil, and intrigue. The chronicle revolves about *Michaela,* dancing girl of the streets who becomes a great actress and the Viceroy's favored lady forsaking her love for *Manuel,* a devil-may-care sailor, whose twin, *Esteban,* strange and moody scribe, also loves her. Lynn Bari plays the highly temperamental *Michaela* with admirable restraint. Francis Lederer in the double rôle of *Manuel* and *Esteban* draws each character vividly. Akim Tamiroff turns in one of his best performances as *Uncle Pio,* and Louis Calhern is excellent as Viceroy.



GUNG HO!—*Universal*

Though not given the authenticity of real names, this film is based on the actual history made at Makin Island by Lt. Col. Evans F. Carlson, USMCR, who served as technical advisor, and his raiders. The scenes showing the training of the 600 hand-picked men to do the job are documentary in effect but interesting, but the tone changes when the boys actually put out to sea. War scenes are credible without the loss of thrills, excitement and suspense. Sharply defined characters are those played by Randolph Scott and J. Carrol Naish as commanding officers. Grace McDonald, Noah Beery, Jr., and Larry Bruce furnish romantic rivalry.



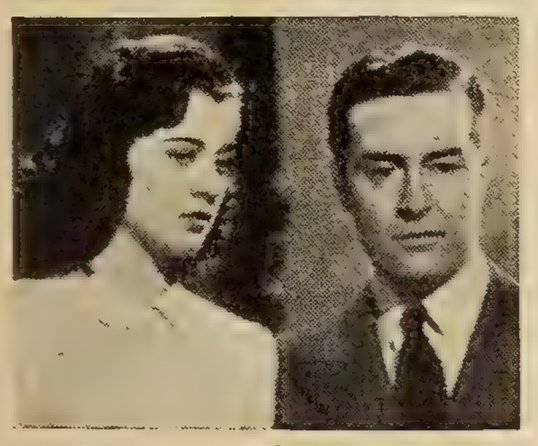
WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN?—*Monogram*

First of the films dealing with juvenile delinquency has an attractive newcomer, Gail Storm, who rates watching, and Jackie Cooper, released from his Navy duties just for this rôle. The story points the moral that parental neglect leads to most juvenile crimes, and teaches a lesson to civic-minded citizens who close their eyes to such places as the questionable dance hall, den of iniquity in this picture. From this environment emerge four youngsters, whose drinking and wild auto rides lead to murder. Good cast.



TENDER COMRADE—*RKO-Radio*

This touching and true screen story of "the girl he left behind him" provides a personal acting triumph for Ginger Rogers (it's a habit with her) and a swell performance by her leading man, Robert Ryan. Bring along the handkerchiefs for those scenes of pathos which will move you almost unbearably; but be prepared for wholesome chuckles as well, as Dalton Trumbo's clever story unfolds the romance of just another American girl and boy whose marriage is interrupted when the husband is called to duty overseas, leaving the young wife to a maleless future working in an aircraft factory and rooming with four other women. Kim Hunter, Ruth Hussey, Patricia Collinge and Mady Christians are grand—but it's Ginger's picture.



THE UNINVITED—*Paramount*

Don't miss this thriller! It's no horror film, rather a romantic "spook" drama, first of its kind ever attempted, and strikingly successful. Imagine a young girl, Sleeping Beauty brought up to date, leading a lonely life in an English village (note: this is all pre-war vintage). She's haunted by a house—there's a twist for you—and it takes a handsome Prince Charming from London to wake her from her nightmare. Before this is accomplished, exciting events conspire to keep you on tenterhooks: a "ghost" prowls, a malignant lady does some dirty work, love blooms, and—a new star is born. She's Gail Russell, who shines in distinguished company of Ray Milland, Donald Crisp, Ruth Hussey.



THE FIGHTING SEABEES—*Republic*

The organization and training of Seabees offers plenty of exciting action in the first film about this branch of the service. As this story has it, the nucleus of the first battalion was a group of tough, first-class workers in a construction gang, who chaffed under the regulation which forbade them to fight when the enemy attacked. It's a trial-and-error method by which the boss, bull-headed and obstinate (John Wayne), is finally shown the necessity of putting his men through basic training. There's an exciting battle scene in which the men use construction implements as weapons. Dennis O'Keefe, as a Navy officer, adds rivalry. Susan Hayward contributes romantic angle.

Do's and Don'ts

every woman absentee should know

A WAR-PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days".

These hints are just a few of the many in the new 24-page booklet we offer *free* to help you feel better and stay on the job *every* day. Lost days means lost lives!



DON'T wrestle with these heavy jobs on "difficult days". Straining is harmful, and your foreman would rather give you lighter work at this time than have you on the absentee list. Send for the new free booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for tips on how to lift the *safe* way!



DO but don't overdo, and you needn't skip the "swing shift"! But why not wait for the waltzes and rhumbas and leave the jitterbug tactics 'til next week? Sit out a dance now and then . . . to look at the stars or hear a life story. You can always say your feet hurt!

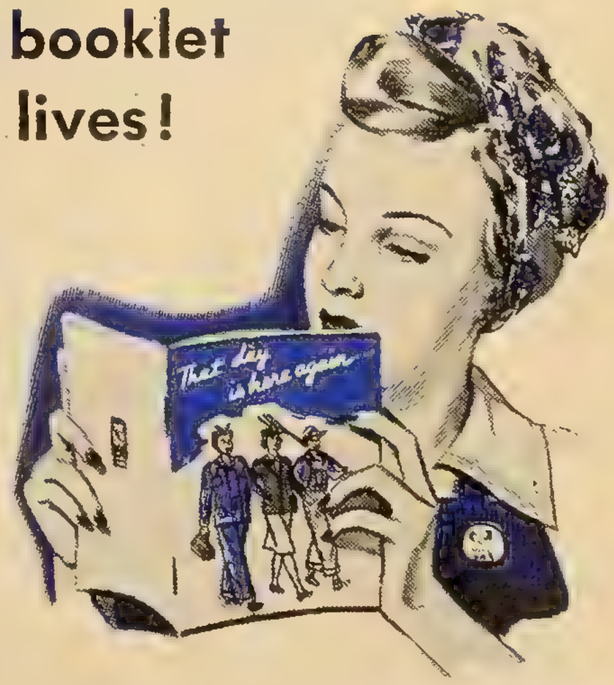


DON'T get the late-at-night cocktail habit . . . too much stimulation is bad at any time! And on these days, more than ever, you can't afford that logey, let-down feeling! Make it a rule to get your full 8 hours sleep *every* night! You won't be a sissy . . . you'll be smart!

DO send for this free booklet —lost days mean lost lives!

"That Day Is Here Again" contains 24 lively pages of do's and don'ts for war-workers' "problem days". A *full page* of suggested exercises to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. We take pride in bringing you this authentic information just as we take pride that more women choose Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together.

To get your copy free, just mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. S-4, Chicago 54, Illinois.



(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS. We'll gladly send you (free) a new instruction manual, "Every Minute Counts". It's a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify if you also want free jumbo charts on Menstrual Physiology. Address: Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 11, Illinois.

MAKE ROOM IN YOUR HEART
FOR ALL OF THEM!
THE *Sullivans* ARE MOVING IN!

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *BIGGER!*

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *BETTER!*

★ THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM ANY *GREATER!*



THE SULLIVANS

Presented by 20th CENTURY-FOX

with

ANNE BAXTER · THOMAS MITCHELL

SELENA ROYLE • TRUDY MARSHALL

and

EDWARD RYAN • JOHN CAMPBELL • JAMES CARDWELL

JOHN ALVIN • GEORGE OFFERMAN, Jr. *As "The Sullivan Boys"*

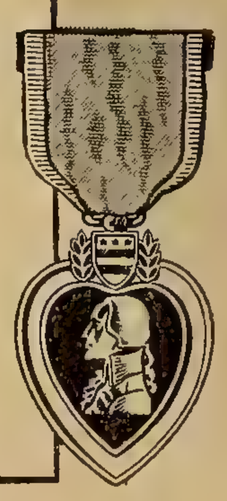
Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by SAM JAFFE · Associate Producer

ROBERT T. KANE • Screen Play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. • Story by Edward Doherty and Jules Schermer

WATCH FOR—

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
first production since his return
from the fighting front:

THE PURPLE HEART





By

Jule Butler

I EXPECTED to feel swoony when I saw Ensign Robert Stack for the first time in his Navy greens. What I didn't expect was to meet an absolute stranger — an entirely different young man from the beautiful hunk o' he who joined the Navy fifteen months ago.

The change that has occurred in Bob is not unlike that which is occurring in millions of young American men today. Every mother's son who for any period of time has been under the sturdy tutelage of the land's military is marching to important personal progress. This is happening to Bob. The potential powers and goodnesses and greatnesses of the boy are jelling, to form the man. Sure, Bob had a lot of swell "potentials" before he went into service—but he charmingly drove his family and close associates nuts trying to help him compress them into a solid maturity. Bob's Uncle Sam has done it—a thorough and swift job of it.

Ensign Robert Stack presented a tired, dusty, hard-working guy when he walked into the small living room of the apartment where his mother and I awaited him. He'd just come off the Navy shooting range, where he'd been working since sun-up—(if there *is* such a thing through the fog of San Francisco). He'd been out there all day—ten hours to be exact. He was wearing the G.I. khakies—and was without a doubt the dirtiest officer I'd ever seen outside a combat zone. Fifteen minutes later, he'd showered and dressed and emerged—every gal's idea of what the Navy's Junior Officer should look like—in his greens.

There are many interesting facets about this change in Bob—from a good-looking, lovable and completely irresponsible young actor, to the sharp-eyed, serious, sedulously neat officer who sat across from me. Bob doesn't pace the floor nervously as he once did when he talked. He doesn't gaze off blankly into space to return to the conversation seconds later on an entirely different subject. He settles down now and focuses on the subject. He looks directly at you—twinkles, when amused, with a pair of blue eyes which make you wish you were years younger so you wouldn't be so sure he's kidding. His features are strongly defined today, instead of just attractively young. His frame has filled out. His six-feet-two no longer have a stripling quality. He's a full, prime man.

Bob has always had a youthful, sweetness about him—that too, has jelled—into a man's gentleness. He still uses the contemporary colloquialisms, but his sense of humor is less collegiate—and more fun.

Bob Stack is one of the few Hollywood actors whose perfection in a specialized field won him (*Please turn to page 79*)

After fifteen months in the Navy, Bob Stack is a different young man from the handsome juvenile Hollywood knew. These pictures show him—now Ensign Robert Stack—as U.S. Naval gunnery instructor. Portrait at right by Maurine.

The Editor's Page



AN OPEN LETTER TO FRANK SINATRA

DEAR FRANK:

Help, help! Your fans are after me, fighting mad, and I wish you'd call them off before it's too late. It's up to you because they won't listen to anyone else, so use your influence, will you?

It seems that whenever the Sinatra name is mentioned, if not surrounded by every superlative in Mr. Webster's book, your followers go stark, raving crazy. They don't want you just admired and respected, they want you worshipped, and woe betide the editor who doesn't bow down three times at the sound of your voice. When I mildly suggested that there was another singer named Crosby, good too, you could hear the howls from Hoboken to Hollywood, and I will have to go into hiding if it doesn't stop. And the letters — you'll have to do something about the hundreds your fans have sent me, that's all.

And while you're about it, why don't you suggest that your more violent admirers restrain themselves at your broadcasts? At first it was fun, but now it is only a bore. You yourself are such an honest person, both as an entertainer and as a man, that I'm sure you will face facts sooner or later, looking ahead to years of popularity and success, which you deserve for your hard work, your integrity, and your terrific voice, rather than just a flash. You're no sky-rocket star as I see you, but a natural-born performer who can go on practically forever, like—like—well, here goes: like Crosby.

Delight Evans

P.S.—Regards to Frank, Jr.

It's Spring... and she has shining hair!



No wonder love is in the air!

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Springtime! Time for hearts to be young and gay . . . time for you to be lovelier than ever with radiant, glamorous hair that invites romance!

So DON'T let Springtime find *you* with hair that's dull from using soap or soap shampoos!

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.



TINY HATS which show most of your hair are among the smartest this Spring. So lovely hair and a becoming hair-do are more important than ever! For the shining-smoothness so essential to any smart hair-do you'll find no shampoo that equals Drene with Hair Conditioner!



Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

Product of Procter & Gamble

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap. Switch to Drene Shampoo! It never leaves any dulling film as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

•

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!



"LITTLE LAMB CHOP"

That's Mickey Rooney's pet name for Margaret O'Brien, and she eats it up



Seven-year-old Margaret is the darling of the Metro lot. All the famous male stars are her slaves. Above, with Walter Pidgeon, who plays her father in "Madame Curie."



By Hattie Bilson

"DID YOU sleep well last night, Margaret?"

"I slept very well, thank you."

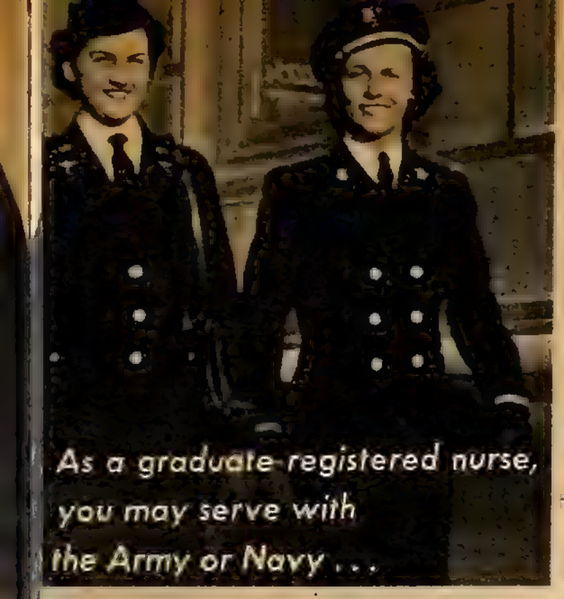
"And did you dream last night, Margaret?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you dream about me, Margaret?"

"I never have nightmares," retorted Margaret O'Brien, and stalked majestically off "The Canterville Ghost" set, leaving Rags Ragland open-mouthed and speechless. For a seasoned trouper like Rags to find himself neatly topped by a seven-year-old grande dame was extremely bewildering, but Margaret's friends, those who know her well, have long since given up trying to solve the enigma. They have learned to sit back and enjoy the show. Not that Margaret is a precocious child; rather it is her instinct for the well-turned phrase, an innate flair for the dramatic.

Ever since Shirley Temple sang and danced her way to million dollar fame, Hollywood casting offices have been swamped with be-curled, be-ribboned, *(Please turn to page 89)*



As a graduate-registered nurse, you may serve with the Army or Navy . . .



. . . as a public health nurse, or an industrial health nurse . . .



. . . as a director of nurses .



. . . as an instructor in a school of nursing . . .



. . . you may become a private-duty nurse . . .



. . . you may specialize in child health . . .



. . . in x-ray, orthopedics, or many other fields.



"The free education and the monthly allowance are wonderful . . . but it's the future that decided me!"

IF YOU can qualify as a U. S. Cadet Nurse, you can look forward to a professional life that gives you a wide choice of interesting work.

As a graduate nurse, you may serve in the Army or Navy, or as a public health nurse or an industrial health nurse. You may become an instructor in a school of nursing, a director of hospital nursing service, or director of a nursing school. You may choose to work in vacation camps, or as an airline hostess. You may specialize in child care, in orthopedics, in psychiatric nursing, or in many other fields . . .

What of Marriage? An increasing number of schools admit and retain married students. Many essential services, including the Army Nurse Corps, are open to married nurses. As a matter of fact, the marriage rate among nurses is unusually high.

The Free Education includes tuition and fees, board and room—and you get a monthly allowance of $15, $20, or $30, as training proceeds. Free, too, are the indoor and outdoor uniforms. The wearing of the outdoor uniform is optional; a Cadet Nurse dresses as she likes on her time off.

Can You Qualify? Are you between 17* and 35? Are you a high school graduate or a college student? In good health? Mentally alert? Mail the coupon for copy of U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps booklet . . . and list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

**Minimum age and academic requirements vary slightly with different schools of nursing.*

Join the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps

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giving information about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps . . . and a list of almost 1000 approved schools of nursing from which you may choose your school.

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Please send free booklet and list of approved schools.

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High school senior?_____ Graduation date_____

Present occupation, if any_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

60-C

ONE OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED AND SPONSORED BY **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ALAN MARSHAL'S 7 STEPS TO STARDOM

By Constance Palmer

★





Here he is—the man who waited seven long years for fame. And worked while he waited

ALAN MARSHAL has been seven years on the road to stardom. He has just taken his seventh step and he stands now on the threshold.

After a long and careful build-up, he is playing his first leading rôle. The picture itself, "The White Cliffs," is to be one of the biggest and most pretentious on the year's schedule, and the director, Clarence Brown, is noted for the dignified and painstaking care with which he handles emotional drama.

Few people in the industry know Alan Marshal very well. Personally, he is affable, quiet, calm, sure of himself and motivated by a steady English reserve inherited from his mother and father, who were prominent on the stage in Australia and this country.

"I always wanted to be an actor," he said on the "White Cliffs" set. "Probably from the time I followed my mother onto the stage during a matinée in Sydney. When you consider that they brought me to this country when I was only four, you can imagine how quickly I was hustled off into the wings on that first appearance!"

Later, though, he had better luck: all on his own when he was 15, he got a job in Gilbert Miller's production of "The Swan," with Eva Le Gallienne starring and Basil Rathbone the leading man.

John Drew was the first celebrity he ever met. Leonard Marshal, Alan's father, introduced him to the great idol at The Players' Club in New York. Transfixed by the magnitude of the occasion, the very young Alan managed to blurt out politely: "How do you do, Sir? I have admired everything you have ever done, Sir!"

Drew regarded the boy quizzically for a moment and then



After his long, careful build-up Marshal at last achieves a leading rôle in "The White Cliffs," opposite Irene Dunne (above). It took seven pictures to pave the way, but Alan was patient. At right, the best of reasons for waiting and working—lovely Mrs. Marshal, mother of 4-year-old Kit.

replied: "Humph! You aren't old enough to have seen me in *everything* I've ever done, but thank you for your extravagant compliment. And *thank God* you look like your mother instead of your father!"

After he had finished his schooling in 1928, he joined Fritz Lieber's Shakespearean Company in New York and spent an entire year understudying until he was at last allowed to play *Lorenzo* to George Arliss' *Shylock* in "The Merchant Of Venice."

"It was the finest kind of experience for a young actor," Marshal said. "I can still see Mr. Arliss watching me and hear him say, 'Loosen up, Alan, loosen up!' It's good advice for anybody on the stage or in pictures."

Success came faster after this, for, after a year in stock in Montreal and Toronto, he came back to New York to play in "Michael And Mary," "Fool's Cap," "Lady Jane" and "On Stage" with the late Osgood Perkins.

David O. Selznick saw him and signed him immediately for "The Garden Of Allah," which he was to make in Technicolor. He brought Marshal to the Coast by plane and has kept him here under contract ever since.

That was seven years ago, and Selznick said to him then: "Alan, it may take me ten years to do it but if you will be patient, I will make you a star. You are the type that will improve with maturity, and in my opinion you may not get your big break for about seven years."

Marshal was patient, and in the seven years there have been seven pictures which have built slowly toward the goal set for him. One might count "The Garden Of Allah" as the first step, and afterwards "After The Thin Man," with Myrna Loy and William Powell, "Night Must Fall," with Robert Montgomery, "Conquest," with Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer, "Irene," with Anna Neagle, "Tom, Dick And Harry," with Ginger Rogers, Burgess Meredith and George Murphy and — finally — "White Cliffs," with Irene Dunne again. There have been others, but these seem the most important.

He was married in 1938, to Mary Grace Borel from San Francisco. They have a little son, Kit, who's not quite four and who's the pride and joy of his father's life. Kit, himself, thinks his father's pretty fine, too, and only permits him to go to the studio because he's convinced Daddy's appearing in a rather protracted version of "Bambi."

Alan Marshal's life, in fact, is—outside his profession of acting — entirely centered around his lovely wife and baby. She calls him Bill and he calls her Buzz. He doesn't believe in marital vacations and he does believe in throwing himself wholeheartedly, with the greatest interest and enjoyment, into the careful upbringing of little Kit.

"And my wife and I agree on most fundamental subjects," he said yesterday. "We both like music; we both enjoy the same pastimes. She has a great virtue that I admire tremendously—and that is her great capacity for living and laughing.

"The greatest obstacles to marriage are the small, insignificant things—not the ones big and important that might cause a disagree- *(Please turn to page 65)*

Why Cheryl Walker wears Woodbury Natural



CHERYL WALKER, IN SOL LESSER'S MOTION PICTURE, "STAGE DOOR CANTEEN"

✓"it makes my complexion look blonder...lends baby-skin clearness, velvet smoothness," she says...

Girls! . . . *your* shade of Woodbury Powder will do glamorous things for you . . . Because Hollywood directors helped Woodbury create THE perfect shade for each skin-type . . . And the Color Control process makes Woodbury Powder color-even, super-fine—to *stay* color-fresh, velvet-smooth on your skin, hour after hour . . . Choose from the 8 exquisite Woodbury shades including: *Natural, Flesh, Rachel, Brunette, Windsor Rose.*

Woodbury COLOR CONTROLLED Powder



YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP! . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you also get your just-right glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge—at no extra cost . . . All 3 for only $1.

ALSO BOXES OF WOODBURY POWDER 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

By Gladys Hall



"My Baby and I"

Lana Turner's loveliest adventure—*motherhood!*



"The Little Empress" and Mrs. Crane, above. The baby rules the household, and Lana loves it. M-G-M's star of "Marriage Is A Private Affair" loves her home, seldom steps out these days except for brief whirl at El Morocco on New York visit (right).

"IN THE LAST few months, just before and since the baby came, I have been happier than I have ever been in my life—thanks to Stephen. He's been so good to me, so kind to me, so thoughtful of me, so considerate. All thanks to our daughter, christened Cheryl Christine, commonly called Cherry but also known to her adoring household as the 'Little Empress' or, in less regal moments," (a chuckle) " 'Ragamuffin.' "

Lana was saying this. Lana Turner. Lana Turner Crane, as she now calls herself—and signs herself, in letters and autographs. Lana, sitting quietly, hands relaxed, in the chair opposite me. Lana, in a long, navy blue coat, navy alligator shoes and bag, a white chiffon scarf around her throat, the slim, gold band of her wedding ring, her only jewel, her gold hair ("Steve likes me to be a blonde") pompadoured in front, falling loosely to her shoulders in back. A Lana so palpably at peace that it was a tangible thing, like a robe wrapped about her. A Lana seeming, in spite of the rain-gray day, to be basking in sunlight. Generated, I thought fancifully, by the kind of glow, rich and warm, that comes from a happy heart.

"It's the *newness* of it," Lana said. She added, "of having a baby." And there was delight in her voice, the incredulous delight of a child at possessing something long dreamed of and desired but who, at first, can only half believe the dream has come true.

But she is not a child any more, I thought, rejecting that impression. That she is no longer a child, groping, a little lost, sometimes wayward, reaching and restless is, precisely, the "change" in her of which, now, Hollywood speaks.

And then, as if mind-reading, Lana said: "Do you know what has come to us, to Shephen and me? It's kind of funny, I suppose—we're not dignified people. We like informality and fun. And people. And laughter. We always have. We still do. But it's just that we find ourselves handling ourselves differently. We—well, we walk more quietly. We speak more quietly. Our voices are more modulated. Instead of going out as much as we did, we have our friends in. And the friends who interest me the most are those who, like myself, have babies. Now, instead of talking, as we once did, about clothes and dates and beaux and shows we talk about baby formulas and weights and how-many-teeth and the first solid food and 'Did she keep it down or 'pit it up?' We just don't quite DO the things we did before. Nor want to. We don't feel older, that isn't it. We've just grown up. That's what it is. We're not boy-meets-girl any longer. We're not boy-and-girl any longer. We're parents now. The parents—and the subjects of—" Lana laughed, "the Little Empress.

"The whole household," she said, "Steve and I, my mother, the cook, the nurse and the two dogs revolve around the Little Empress. And our hopes and fears and dreams and ambitions. And our days and our nights. The cook," Lana laughed, "plans her days off according to Nana's day in. When I must go out in the morning, Steve plans his engagements for the afternoon, or the other way around. When we both must go out, mother stays in. On Nana's days off, mother and I bathe the Ragamuffin, take care of her and even when Nana is at home, mother or I, or both of us, still bathe her, do about everything for her. Why, even the dogs, by *(Please turn to page 62)*

Shirley Temple, in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away," holds her own in an all-star cast which includes Claudette Colbert, Joseph Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Robert Walker, and Monte Woolley.

Shirley Scotches Those Romance Rumors!

RECENTLY there has been a lot of talk about Shirley Temple's beaux. There was one item: "Shirley and her 'boy friend' are looking for a preacher." Sounds ridiculous—but it was actually printed.

"I thought that must have been just for a big laugh," Shirley said of that line. "I just hope that every time I go out with a boy such stories won't continue. It certainly places all my friends at a disadvantage. And it does seem silly to think of a fifteen-year-old girl being linked romantically with different boys. I think a girl should wait until she is eighteen or so—at least until she's grown up—for such talk. Some of my friends 'go steady' with boys and I suppose it's nice for them.

"As for me, when the time comes—and that will be a few years still—I want to have the same privilege all girls have, of announcing my engagement. And I just hope," she added wistfully, "that the columnists won't print romantic items about me, and try to make me a glamor girl too soon!

"Of course, I like going out with boys, like any other girl. I know lots of boys, and we like to go dancing and have fun. But I've read the movie magazines, and I've noticed that photographers take pictures of couples dancing and the captions usually say 'Hollywood's newest romance' or something like that. So I tried to solve that problem for myself and my various dancing partners in this way. There are one or two places where we like to dance, and I went in and paid a special visit to the managements. I told them that I would very much appreciate it if they (*Please turn to page 85*)

Shirley sounds off sensibly about those ridiculous rumors which have her eloping at fifteen! She's serious about her new screen career: appearing with Joseph Cotten, below, and Monte Woolley in "Since You Went Away."

By May Mann





Sam Goldwyn thinks Danny Kaye is such a brilliant comic that he is starring him in his first film, "Up In Arms." Here's Danny doing one of his famous routines which convulsed Broadway audiences.

How a Brooklyn boy parlayed a skinny frame, mobile face, furious energy and flair for mimicry into fame and fortune





Danny and his wife Sylvia who writes his best material.

THE GAGA SAGA

DANNY KAYE still doesn't understand how he did it, which ought to be understandable enough even where you sit if you mull over the fact that what Danny has done is to parlay a skinny frame, a mobile face, a furious energy, a flair for mimicry, and a passion for satire into a pleasant pastime, a glowing movie career launched with "Up In Arms," and a fortune.

Three years ago the number of people in Manhattan who had heard of Danny Kaye could be crowded into a telephone booth, despite the fact that he had been knocking himself out for almost a decade trying to get noticed and had succeeded in impressing just one lone mortal, a bright-eyed brunette named Sylvia Fine, whom he eventually talked into marrying him. After that, Fate never had a chance. It was Danny all the way.

The proper place to begin the gaga saga of Danny the Nonesuch is in Brooklyn, which has a way of being the starting point for sagas loonier, some of them, than this one. He was born David Daniel Kominsky, scion of a



By

John Franchey

OF DANNY KAYE

dress-cutter whose hope was that his first-born would do well in school, go on to college, emerge as a doctor, open up offices on Sutter Avenue, and minister to the whole neighborhood. It was one of those dreams against which all the gods seemed to conspire. Danny was willing enough, but by the time he had grown out of knee-pants, established quite a reputation in the corner candy store as a clown, and waltzed through high school with not too breathtaking results, the depression suddenly rolled over Brooklyn flattening the dress industry and, with it, Kominsky finances.

Mostly the members of the gang that frequented the corner candy store dropped out of high school long before FINIS. Danny stuck it out, won his diploma, made with a wry jest at commencement, parked the parchment in a safe place, and started hunting a job.

It was the epoch of the ex-broker hawking apples on street corners, so that when Danny landed a job as a soda jerker in a *(Please turn to page 82)*



Danny with Constance Dowling in a scene from "Up In Arms."

Like the maddening man himself, this exclusive interview may infuriate or amuse, but NEVER bore you!

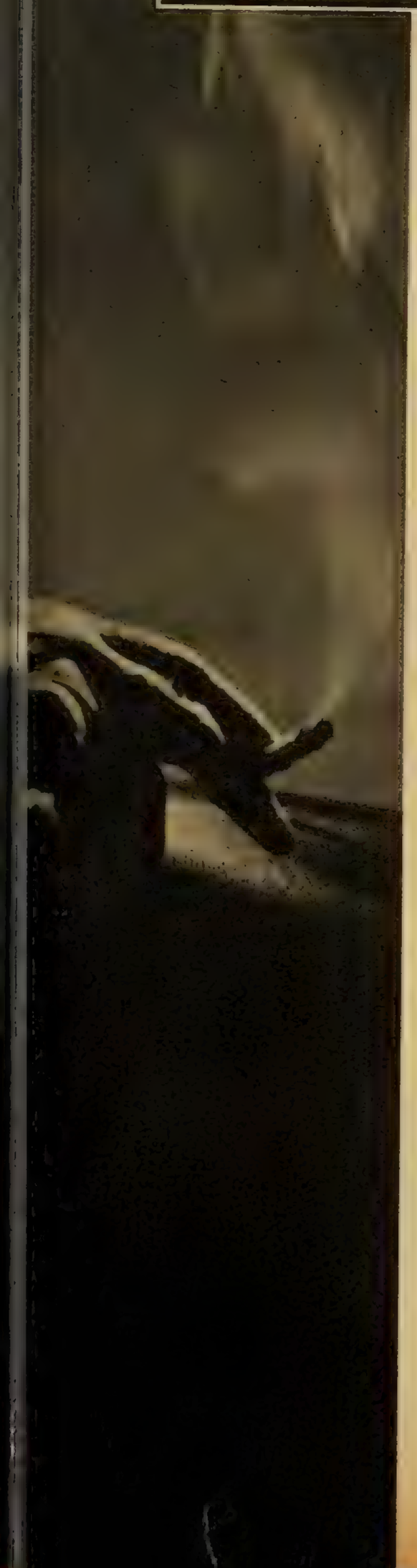


The George Sanders "MURDER MYSTERY"

By Hattie Bilsan







"IF YOU were found dead in the morning, the victim of a mysterious murder, whom would you want questioned?"

I shot this macabre query at George Sanders without warning and watched avidly for a sign that the phenomenal aplomb of the inscrutable gentleman had at last been shattered. The same question aimed at any other star would have started histrionic fireworks. But from Mr. Sanders there was nary a flicker. "What did you have in mind?" he asked drily. "Simple strangulation, or somebody hacking me up piece by piece?"

I had the grace to choke a little. "*How* you are murdered should prove interesting," I conceded, "but the motive is what I'm after."

George Sanders regarded me from his lofty six feet three as though I were a worm—and not a particularly juicy one at that. "Why are you so certain of my potential murderers?" he asked. "Do I strike you as the sort of person who goes about arousing the desire to kill?"

I didn't dare answer that. I wasn't even sure I could. All those stories I had heard . . . the many suspensions he had taken from his studio when the offered rôles "bored" him . . . the furore raised by his casual reference to the neighborhood in which he lives as "lousy" . . . the important actress he had described as "too old to play ingénues and too much in love with the limelight to retire" . . . his rapier-sharp frankness . . . were these stories factual, or merely part of a carefully-planned campaign to enhance the fabulous Sanders character of the Great Menace? Other interviewers had tried without success to fathom the Sanders' Leer and Sneer and get to the Inner Man. My method was murder!

"You want motives," he said, thoughtfully pinching his lip. "Let me see. Now if I'm found crushed beyond recognition, make sure a certain English actor is questioned. He has as good a reason as any for wanting to put a period at the end of my life sentence."

"Professional jealousy," I ventured.

"Frustration," was the reply. "Several years ago, an English producer, having seen my performance as a semi-nude Greek God in H. G. Wells' 'The Man Who Could Work Miracles,' wanted me for the rôle of 'heavy' in a jungle epic. Having no desire to be typed as a male Dorothy Lamour, I persuaded the producer to do a drawing room comedy instead. I had no idea at the time that the actor who was to have played the jungle Adonis had spent months developing a lady-killing physique. He never forgave me."

Still on the trail of the Inner Man, I prodded for more intimate details, dragging forth the greatest murder motive of them all, the Vengeance Of The Spurned Woman.

"'Hell hath no fury,'" softly quoted Mr. Sanders. "Her name was Thais. She was a tender little thing, was Thais. I'm afraid I spurned her pretty badly."

"What happened?" I asked in breathless anticipation.

(*Please turn to page 87*)



Sanders will surprise you in "The Lodger." He plays Merle Oberon's hero-lover, leaving the villainies to Laird Cregar. Scenes above from new 20th Century-Fox film. Left above, another recent item for Sanders' collectors: "The Night Is Ending," with Brenda Marshall.



Marilyn Maxwell, Indiana girl who began her career as a singer with popular orchestras, is now M-G-M's new honey-haired beauty.



Mickey Rooney goes from the newest Hardy Family film, "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble," into dramatic rôle in "National Velvet."

Belita, below, one of the world's great ice-skaters, is cutting movie capers now as the star of Monogram's "Lady, Let's Dance."



Lovely Ann Sheridan, pride and joy of the Warner lot, has prize rôle of her brilliant career in her next, "Shine On, Harvest Moon."



"Chip Off the Old Block"

ALADDIN didn't have anything on Donald Corrigan. The wonder boy from Arabian Nights had his magic lamp to get him places but Donald had his personality. Maybe he wasn't handsome, maybe his ears were too big and his nose didn't exactly stack up against that of the classical Adonis, but no one thought of that once Donald's easy charm began working.

Everyone agreed that Donald was an up-and-coming young fellow. But on the morning following the Sperling Naval Academy's annual show, that prediction had been changed to up-and-going as far as the school was concerned anyway. For Donald, who had written and produced and *starred* in the show, had dropped from genius to something less than a worm in the faculty's estimate when he had dared to spoof the Academy unmercifully in the grand finale. Even Dean Manning, whose sense of humor had always come to his favorite pupil's rescue before couldn't stand out against his indignant colleagues. And even Donald's unquenchable optimism faltered when he saw the Dean's face.

"I sent for you because I've just been checking your record," Manning began and there wasn't even a flicker in his eyes to offset the gravity of his voice. "And though you've only been with us one semester, I can assure you, we'll never forget you. For instance, getting the Glee Club out in the middle of the night to serenade Professor Frost's daughter with something called, "Whip Me, Father . . ."

"Beat Me, Daddy." Donald corrected, suppressing a grin.

The Dean frowned. "The Professor didn't like it. I'd planned to confine you to quarters, but that song you sang last night..."

Donald winced wondering why he had thought the words of that song so excruciatingly funny when he was writing it. The lines about the graduate of Sperling Prep, who brought scales to weigh the anchor, and looked for eggs in the crow's nest, and had taken a box along to box the compass, didn't seem funny at all with expulsion staring him in the face.

"Just like your dad and your granddad," Manning sighed. "They were always getting into wild scrapes, too, and trying to blarney their way out of them. I sailed the old clipper ships

Fictionized by Elizabeth B. Petersen



Gay new comedy romance starring Donald O'Connor and Peggy Ryan presented in fiction form—strictly for fun and O'Connor fans!





Donald points out that his latest picture is also his best. Clowning and dancing with Peggy in bright new musical numbers. Complete cast and credits of this Universal film will be found on Page 75.

Don in difficulty! Here he had been making a big impression on *Glory* (Ann Blyth) when Peggy meets him at the station and hurls herself into his arms.

with your granddad, an irresponsible, wild man if I ever knew one! And I had your father in this school once. He only lasted a half semester! I still don't understand how he ever got to be a Lieutenant Commander." He started to chuckle, then quickly suppressed his mirth. "I should expel you! On the other hand, I hate to have all the other schools you've attended think I'm a copyist. Where is your father now?"

"At sea, sir," Donald gulped. "But he may be back in New York this Sunday."

"I'll send you home on extended leave," Manning said in sudden decision. "When your father guarantees your future conduct, you can come back again. I'm only doing it," he went on gruffly, "because I love the Navy and believe you'll be an asset to it, if we can ever get you straightened out." The sternness went from his face as he rose. Impulsively he put his hand on Donald's shoulder in a fatherly gesture. Then realizing the old Corrigan charm had won again, he took it away quickly. "Dismissed!" he said shortly.

Donald couldn't help swaggering a bit as the other cadets crowded into his quarters to hear the verdict. Instead of being expelled, he'd snared a nice leave for himself. No one could say crime didn't pay when it was a Corrigan who had perpetrated it.

"Maybe I'll decide not to come back at all," he said loftily as he threw a pile





Scenes from Universal's new Donald O'Connor comedy show the young star in and out of hot water as usual. His supporting cast includes Patric Knowles (left) as his father, and such stalwart performers as Arthur Treacher (in his familiar butler rôle), Helen Broderick, Ernest Truex, and Helen Vinson. Lower left, Peggy catches up with Don again.



of shirts into his bag. "I'd be in the Navy right now if it weren't for the glimmers. That's the reason I've been working out on this." He took a chart for eye exercises off the wall. "Of course, Dad always talked Annapolis, but the war can't wait for that!"

"Golly, I wish I was old enough to enlist," the other boy said enviously. Then as Donald began closing the bag, he walked over to the bureau and took down the picture of a girl. "Wait a minute!" he said. "Don't you want Slinky Sheba?"

Donald gave the picture the casual glance that might be expected from a man-of-the-world such as himself. "Thanks," he said. "I'm wiring her from Chicago to save tomorrow night for me. She's just a little hep kitten I met two academies ago and she's been writing me ever since." He paused impressively. "Goes to some kind of theatrical school in New York."

"Gee!" one of the boys whistled. "An *actress!* And look what she says. 'All my love, Peggy.'"

"That's just her way. She gushes," Donald shrugged and tried his best to look bored. "But she doesn't mean a thing to me. It's merely a matter of convenience. She's a swell dancer, I've got an evening to kill in New York and that's as far as it goes. Women are bad luck to the Corrigans."

But just the same he couldn't stop thinking of Peggy all the way to Chicago and planning new routines with which to dazzle her. Peggy's dancing was a challenge even to an expert like himself. With her in his arms and a hot band to spur them on, there weren't any heights their jiving feet couldn't reach. And Peggy's outspoken adoration, even though it could be annoying, was comforting to a man's ego, though Donald's certainly didn't need any pampering.

He was still thinking of her when he boarded the Twentieth Century for New York, feeling a bit smug about the telegram he'd sent her. He hadn't even blinked at the extra word it had taken to create just the mood he wanted—interested, yet casual too. Peggy was impulsive. A man had to watch his words with her otherwise he'd be fouled up in his own line.

Then suddenly Peggy was forgotten. Sitting opposite him was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen and Donald automatically straightened his tie and patted his hair and grinned at her expectantly. Then as she looked at him aloofly and turned back to her magazine, his grin faded. No girl had ever made him feel such a complete juvenile before.

It didn't help to assume that attitude of injured dignity either for the girl wasn't even noticing him. At last in desperation and for lack of something better to do, he opened his bag, took out the chart and studiously began his eye exercises.

The exercises began with that alternate rolling and dilating of the eyes, followed by a series of winks. So absorbed was he, he didn't even see the girl's startled stare as she looked up or notice her surreptitious signal to the conductor.

Even though the conductor called such obnoxious characters as he took Donald to be by the obsolete term of masher, never let it be said he didn't know a wolf when he saw one. His hand clamping down on Donald's shoulder felt as if it was made of steel "Listen, wise guy," he said, "that stuff doesn't go on this train. Making goggle eyes at strange girls and having them complain!"

"Oh!" Donald grinned as he realized what it was all about. "You mean this." He held out (*Please turn to page 73*)

Joseph Cotten, who co-stars with Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer in "Gaslight," M-G-M's new thriller, plays a detective tracking down a murderer — but maintains all his debonair charm.

LUSCIOUS LINDA

The Darnell beauty has her best role in Rene Clair's "It Happened Tomorrow"

Often called Hollywood's most beautiful girl, Linda has seldom had a chance to prove her acting ability. Now, as heroine of the new Arnold Pressburger production, she has her big opportunity and makes the most of it. Top left, Linda in Dick Powell's over-size 1890 suit, clowning for "rationed cheesecake" art. Center, tender moment from the movie.

They call her "Sugar Girl" and you will not wonder why when you glance at these poses of Vicki Styles. One of a bevy of beauties in David O. Selznick's "Since You Went Away," Vicki stands out from the crowd. At right, she takes a swimming lesson from willing and capable teacher Johnny Weissmuller.







Vicki Styles is the latest lovely to captivate the California cameraman



"SUGAR GIRL"

A Charles Rogers discovery, San Francisco beauty contest winner Peggy O'Neill has her chance for fame as one of five leading ladies in "Song Of The Open Road," competing for Charlie McCarthy's fickle attention. Below, Charlie suddenly sprouts curls as he peeks over red-headed Peggy's shapely shoulder.



New Hollywood starlet makes her film debut in "Song Of The Open Road," with Edgar Bergen and Charles McCarthy

SWEET PEGGY O'NEILL

Peggy won a beauty contest for red heads, bought a ticket to Hollywood with her prize money, became a drama pupil of Max Reinhardt, was screen-tested by Charles Rogers, and won a contract—all in good order.



SCREENLAND SALUTES GAIL RUSSELL!

She's sensational in "The Uninvited," the greatest "find" in years. Paramount has picked a winner in this beautiful young girl. Watch her!



Ginger Rogers greets new star, Gail Russell, on the set at Paramount. Gail played a small part in Ginger's picture, "Lady In The Dark." Below, Gail with Donald Crisp in "The Uninvited," splendid "spook" drama with romance — Gail's first important rôle.

★ Below, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, in whose popular story, "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay," Gail will next appear.



Photo Previews



Yoo - hoo, Lina Romay!



Van Johnson, in "Two Sisters And A Sailor," is torn between Gloria De Haven and June Allyson.

First flashes from the new fun films

Gloria De Haven, M-G-M's sensational new starlet, is featured in "Broadway Rhythm," below, with Kenny Bowers. Harry James and Xavier Cugat make the music for this film. There's Van again, with his two charmers, and another glimpse of Gloria.











Fashion model ph
Manet Studios, N.



"Low and Behold!" exclaimed one of America's foremost fashion designers when she saw this costume worn by Betty Grable in "Pin-Up Girl"—and "Low and Behold" is the gay name she bestowed upon the adaptations modeled above. The name, of course, stems from the silk jersey halter-neck bodice. The transparent ruffled over-skirt reveals a slim slit-in-front sheath. Choice of full-length evening gown or short dinner frock in black, pink, and pastel blue, delicious!

"Pin-Up Girl"

All dresses adapted from costumes worn in 20th Century-Fox's production, "Pin-Up Girl," starring Betty Grable.



Clever, wearable adaptations of costumes worn by Betty Grable in her new picture make fashion news!



Now you femme Grable fans may wear a "Pin-Up Girl" creation. Frocks adapted from Betty's picture costumes may be found in a number of smart shops throughout the country. This one, a marquisette dancing frock with lace appliqué, worn by Miss Grable at right, has been adapted into the slender fitted princess-line frock pictured above. In black, white, and colors.

Fashions ★ ★ ★



...y's sauciest dancing costume ... her bright new musical, "Pin-Up Girl," has been adapted into the dignified, lovely dinner frock modeled below. The transparent black lace blouse is built upon a flesh chiffon midriff and boasts a pert peplum. The rayon crepe straight skirt has a discreet slit to show a shapely knee now and then.



A skating costume worn by Gloria Nord, right, in "Pin-Up Girl," supplied the inspiration for the pretty cotton fashion pictured above. The brief skirt with pleated ruffle becomes the peplum that exaggerates the slenderness of the silhouette. The bodice, startlingly low-cut to the waistline, has a transparent insert of white marquisette. The white piqué fabric comes in an all-over embroidered design in either red or ...





More "Pin-Up Girl" fashions, adapted from Betty Grable's picture costumes







Comes Spring, a smart girl wants a wrap-around top coat. From the gabardine coat worn by Betty Grable in her new film a clever designer concocted the collarless model at right. Flung over the pure wool gabardine suit pictured at top left, it's decidedly dashing. That suit, by the way, has the new collarless fitted jacket, straight gored skirt.

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Gossip by Weston East

Candids by Jean Duval



Betty Hutton and Red Skelton were among those present at Los Angeles Examiner Benefit.







Also present at the Los Angeles Examiner Benefit: left, James Cagney, Adele Mara, June Allyson, Dick Powell and Gloria De Haven; right below, Mary Pickford, Monte Woolley and Reginald Gardiner; left below, Roddy McDowall is seen with Mr. and Mrs. William Bendix.







Above, Roddy McDowall with his mother, father, and sister attend "Song Of Bernadette" at Carthay Circle. Right, top to bottom: Edward Arnold congratulates Bud Abbott and Lou Costello on winning box office championship in Showmen's Trade Review Poll; William Bendix with his wife and daughter at "Song Of Bernadette"; Dinah Shore and George Montgomery also attend premiere at Carthay.

WHEN Merle Oberon began refusing invitations on the score that she "had a house guest who didn't care for social affairs," none of the lion-hunting colony realized the guest in question was the Hon. David Bowes-Lyons, brother of the Queen of England.

Young Bowes-Lyons, with limited time on his hands, wasted none of it on the usual Hollywood routine. There were no glamor girls, studio visits or night clubs on his schedule. Merle is enjoying one of the biggest comebacks of any movie star in the industry, after a long period of illness. At present she is playing George Sand in Columbia's production, "Life Of Chopin."

THAT unknown admirer who has been sending Bette Davis gold cigarette holders won't see any of them in her forthcoming pictures although three have arrived anonymously as this is being written. For Bette has made up her mind to go in for serious rôles during the coming year. She has fallen in love with two middle-aged characterizations—"The Corn Is Green," in which she will play a school teacher past fifty (it was done by Ethel Barrymore in the theater), and the life of Sarah Bernhardt, most of which will keep her in middle-aged make-up.

Warners are listening with interest to her pleas to do the Bernhardt rôle, and Bette's fans flock into the theater no matter what she plays, which keeps her sitting pretty in an acting way. Bette and ex-husband Ham Nelson have been good friends all through her marriage to Arthur Farnsworth and his loyal sympathy meant much to her in her bereavement.

TRUDY MARSHALL is newest of the junior stars to get a big break, in every direction. Trudy, once New York's top model and the Chesterfield Girl among other things, was drafted into movies almost against her will. She lives in Hollywood the way fans expect all their glamor girls to live: has a lovely apartment at fashionable Sunset Tower and has captured one of the town's greatest eligibles, wholesale meat packer Phil Raffin — tall, blond, rugged, and with a hefty bank roll.

Trudy makes no secret of the fact that she'll be the missus. Every day is Christmas for her. Phil loads her with golden gadgets. She has an aquamarine and sapphire engagement ring as big as a locomotive headlight. His latest gift, a pair of fan-shaped golden ear-rings studded with aquamarine and sapphires. She's starry-eyed in love to boot.

There's a saying in Hollywood: "I'm a Trudy for luck"—some of it has to do with the fact that Trudy stepped quickly into big rôles. She grabbed off the part of the sister in "The Sullivans"—wears a WAVE uniform most becomingly. This won her the lead in "Ladies Of Washington," in which she's equally fetching as a SPAR. And she goes right on from there into some of Twentieth Century-Fox's biggies for which she's testing right now.

BIG-MONEY boys are winning out over actors this season. Ilona Massey has a multi-millionaire on the string, and Virginia Hawkes can't tear herself away from Mexico City on account of how one of its top bankers is at her feet. Robin Raymond decided to take Paul Phillips for better or worse after a five-day romance—flew to Las Vegas on the spur of the moment, forgetting a dinner-date with the current boy friend. When the boy friend showed up at her mother's

Above, Lieutenant Commander Robert Montgomery and his wife at the Mocambo. Left, top to bottom: Janet Blair and Helen Forrest at the Los Angeles Examiner Benefit; Patricia Stillman and Randolph Scott; Jon Hall entertains wife Frances Langford and her brother on their return from an active war front. Below, Red Skelton with best girl, Muriel Morris.

and heard the news of the wedding he stammered, "Who's he?" Mama said: "Someone very new. I haven't met him either."

Paul Phillips is handsome, owns one of the big defense plants hereabouts. His income will keep the wolf from the door without any strain. Robin, whose name originally was Rayemon Robin, was brought to Hollywood by Mervyn LeRoy to play the brat kid sister of Robert Taylor in "Johnny Eager"—got mentioned for Academy Award, although she lost out on the final vote.

MARY ANDERSON doesn't go in for glamor stuff. Drives to the studio in a shabby little coupé of the jalopy class. Hair in curls under hair-net, brown slacks and camel's hair coat. Could be a schoolgirl, or a defense plant worker. The other morning she picked up a hitchhiker, a young fellow about twenty-two.

He climbed aboard, grinned, said "Hello, sister," and proceeded to chat comfortably. He asked Mary who she was and what she did.

"I'm Mary Anderson," she said. "I'm an actress."

He looked her over again, said: "Yeah? Who you acting for?"

"Twentieth Century-Fox. I'm playing in 'Lifeboat.'"

"That the picture Hitchcock's making?"

Mary nodded. "Now tell me who you are."

He jerked his thumb: "Here's where I get out, sister—right over there, on the far corner. Who'm I? Why, you ought to know, I'm Alfred Hitchcock!"

SNAPPY interview comebacks seldom rate the laugh Sir Cedric Hardwicke got when a woman interviewer asked him what his life's greatest disappointment had been. "I was taken to the circus at the age of six," Sir Cedric retorted, "and came home broken-hearted because I wasn't born a freak."

FANS who are deluging Mary Martin with inquiries about her next picture will be interested to know that she still has a picture to make with Paramount. But when Mary is allowed to leave "One Touch Of Venus" in which she's knocking 'em for a loop on Broadway, she'll most likely go to Warners for the "Life Of Marilyn Miller," on an inter-studio deal. Paramount plans to make "The Count Of Luxembourg" in which Risé Stevens—young, beautiful and from the Metropolitan Opera via Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—will be the star.

YOU'LL be seeing a lot of Gregory Peck—tall, dark, handsome. He's California-born—spent his youth around San Diego before he went to Berkeley University and during the coming four years he'll make twelve top pictures. His time will be divided thus: 4 with Casey Robinson producing; 2 with David Selznick; 2 with RKO and 2 with 20th Century-Fox. The other day Gregory and Roddy McDowall met for the first time. Roddy plays Gregory as a small boy in "Keys Of The Kingdom." He looked up at 6-foot-3 Gregory Peck and said, "Ah, so that's the way I'll look when I grow up!" "Guess I can take that in reverse," said Peck.

HOLLYWOOD divorces are nonchalant affairs, quite often, with the principals remaining fast friends frequently and appearing in night clubs to do a little shut-eye dancing from time to time. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone kept the public pretty well mixed up this way before each fixed their hearts elsewhere. But no matter what the pattern for separation is, a good healthy disagreement usually precedes it.

So the story of Johnny Weissmuller's split-up becomes news in view of the fact that he says the first he knew of an impending split in his household was when the papers were served him as he sat breakfasting in bed with his wife.

Johnny says he blinked, stared, blinked again, stared at them a second time, got up, got dressed, and got out.

Ann Sheridan, star of WARNER BROS. "SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"



BEAUTY AT HER FINGERTIPS

By Josephine Felts

Gloria Jean shows you how to "do" your own nails beautifully



Gloria Jean, cutest of the screen's younger singing stars, is appearing in Universal's "Moonlight In Vermont." She shows you, here, how she keeps her fingertips attractive and well-groomed; and sets a fine example for her fans.

THERE'S no doubt about it. Ugly, ill-kept nails rob your hands of the beauty and romance that should lie within them!

Can you possibly picture a screen star—whose hands are forever in the foreground—imagining that ungroomed nails might pass by unnoticed? Of course you can't. And there's never a moment when your own nails aren't on parade. With every motion of your hand they wave the flag of your grooming habits!

Gloria Jean is very conscious that her nails must be perfect. So, to keep them in the pink, she has mastered the art of a good home manicure. She disagrees heartily with the girls who say, "But I can't do my own nails!" According to Gloria, it's practice makes perfect in manicuring as in everything else. And she should know. It takes practice to sing those high C's clearly and truly; to choose such becoming clothes; and to look always so pretty!

Gloria's nail grooming ritual is an easy one that every girl can follow. It shouldn't make any difference how busy you are. As a matter of fact, war-busy hands need extra protection for their loveliness' sake. Gloria sets aside a special time each week for a proper nail-do, and in between times she gives her nails simple daily care.

Before you start the external care of your nails, you must remember that their natural smoothness and hardness depends to a great extent on your physical condition. Haven't you noticed that when you aren't up to par, your nails become brittle and spotted? The vitamins you take in have a definite influence on the state of your nails as well as on the condition of your skin and hair. It's to a wise diet that Gloria Jean attributes the good health that's so necessary for her singing as well as for her prettiness.

So much for basic nail health. Now, the idea is to learn the right way—and to avoid the errors—of manicuring. Try to choose a quiet time and a peaceful place to get to work. (Doing one's nails can be quite a release from tension, you know!) Gather together your implements and nail preparations. Fingernail boards, manicure *(Please turn to page 70)*





ENGAGED! MARY JANE MAXSON
of West Orange, N. J. to William B. Eppler of Maplewood, an army officer, now overseas. She is a graduate of Mary Lyon Junior College; he attended Princeton.



MARY JANE IS DEMURE AND SPRING-BLOSSOMY. Her smooth, silky hair has a baby-fine quality. Her exquisite complexion is so clear and so soft. "I just take care of my face with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "The more I use it, the more I *love* it."

VICTORY FARM HAND—Mary Jane's war work on the family's victory farm is no glamour job! *She's working where she's needed!* All kinds of jobs need women workers. Check Help Wanted ads —consult local U. S. Employment Service.

ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE

"*She's so pretty!*" people exclaim after they meet Mary Jane Maxson. Her heart-shaped face has a sweet elfin charm—quiet stillness one minute, mischievous laughter the next.

Mary Jane herself has *definite* and *practical* ideas about how to keep her lovely face looking its prettiest. "You've just got to have *sparkling clean skin*," she says. "It has to look and feel soft, too. That's why I'm so keen about a Pond's cold-creaming for my face *every night* and *every morning*. Pond's is such heavenly soft-smooth cream. It feels grand to use and makes your skin look so nice."

Copy Mary Jane's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream. This is what she does!

First—She *smooths* Pond's snowy Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats with quick fingertips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

Next—She "rinses" with *more* Pond's, working her white-tipped fingers over her face in little spiral whirls. "This *twice-over* creaming makes my skin feel *extra* clean, *extra* soft," she says.

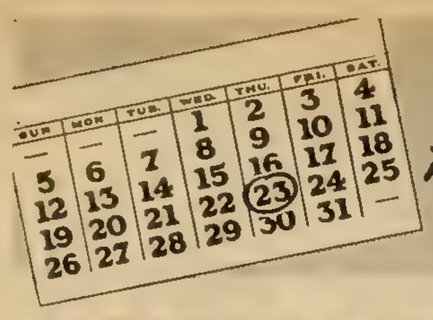
Beauty-clean *your* face with Pond's *every* night, *every* morning. Use it for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll see why it's no accident engaged girls like Mary Jane, society beauties like Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, III and Britain's Viscountess Milton love this soft-smooth cream. Get a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Today—many more women use Pond's
than any other face cream at any price



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!
Large sizes save glass and man-power! And it's so much quicker to dip finger tips of both hands in the wide jar!

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*



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This month thousands will experience new peace of mind—a wonderful new feeling of security! For SAN-NAP-PAK provides *extra* protection, with extra comfort and convenience!



NEVER BEFORE SUCH COMFORT—SUCH SECURITY!



Try Countess Lydia Grey — the facial tissue with the "doeskin" finish! Real luxury—yet costs less than other brands!



GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Spring is here! And here are grooming tips to bring added loveliness to your face, hands and hair



A jar of Sofskin Creme on bathroom window sill or on kitchen shelf is a good hand-reminder.

IF YOU'RE painfully conscious of your hands—so terribly aware of them that you're constantly tucking them out of sight for fear they may be noticed—resolve to do something about it. Devote a few minutes a day to a simple hand grooming routine. There's Softskin Creme, for instance, which will help to keep your skin soft and white, your cuticle smooth and unbroken. When you want to keep your hands especially nice, apply a tiny dab of this fluffy white cream after doing the dishes. It is neither greasy nor sticky, and disappears immediately, leaving your hands velvet-soft and smooth.

FOR the face, Dorothy Gray is putting a new product on the market called "Cellogen," a rich emollient cream containing biactol which is a glandular hormone ingredient. It has been designed especially for the woman whose skin is muddy and sallow and has lost its vital clear look. This house has also introduced Portrait Make-Up in cake form.

FOR the hair there's some interesting news. Yardley's offers Solidified Brilliantine, delicately scented with lavender. It does much to keep in place those stray wisps and baby hairs. Applied with discretion it will leave your hair with a glorious sheen and without a bit of stickiness.

AND re: clothes cleansing, there's a little package of concentrated ingredients called "Woolfoam." It has but one purpose in life and that is to remove dirt and grease from wools and woolens. Whether used for cleaning sweaters, blankets, infants' wear or any wool material or yarns, it leaves the wool fibres of the material soft, fresh and fluffy.

FROM the world of bob pins, we are reminded to take care of the ones we have, and to buy only the very best quality pins with a stronger grip that won't slip out. The DeLong Bob Pin people tell us that while the government has increased the wire allotment this year for pins the production will still be under what it was in 1941.



Jergens' Morning Glory Cream cologne, a delicately pink creamy addition of the familiar fragrant freshener. A skin "smoothy."



The new Nestle Superset, in a dry, superconcentrated form, duplicates the Nestle liquid superset. Dissolves in water while you shampoo.

"Want to be a girl with Date Appeal?"

"This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier"

RITA HAYWORTH

Star of Columbia Pictures' "COVER GIRL"







You want the loveliness that wins Romance. Screen stars know men always respond to the charm of skin that's smooth, adorable. Give *your* precious skin gentle Lux Toilet Soap care! You'll find it pays!

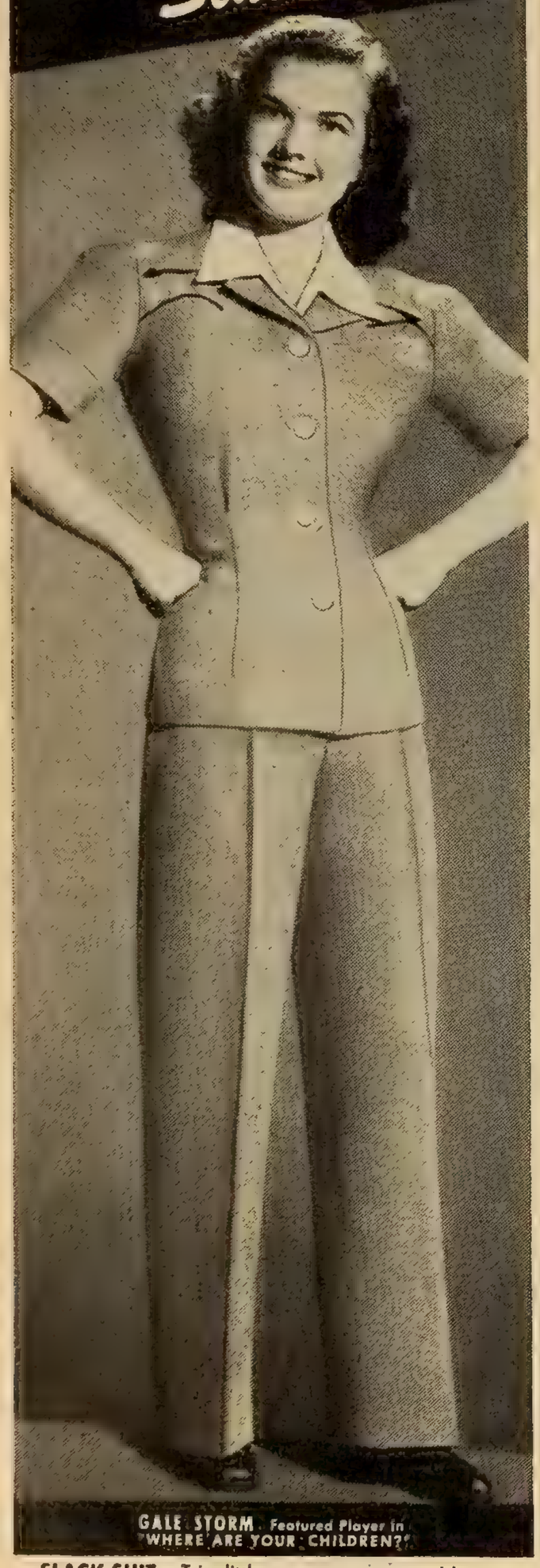
Rita Hayworth gives you a tip you'll want to follow. In a recent test of this beauty care screen stars recommend, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time. Active-Lather Facials are quick and easy—and they really *work!* See if Lux Toilet Soap doesn't make *your* skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

HOLLYWOOD SAYS
"IT'S SUPER!"
Super Chief Slack Suit



SLACK SUIT—Trim little monogram-type emblem on the pocket of the slim, young jacket, big pearl buttons. Tapered to give you lovely lines. Beautifully tailored slacks. Sizes 10 to 18..... **$8.98** PLUS POSTAGE

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"My Baby and I"

Continued from page 31

some unaccountable instinct, refrain from barking when the Little Empress is taking her nap! I don't suppose (it's kind of frightening, you know) that there is any one full moment of any day or night that Cherry is not at the heart of it.

"Matter of fact," Lana laughed, "I should be rather jealous of her Highness! For she has certainly taken the spotlight and the star billing away from me. Particularly with, of all people, my mother! For before the baby came, my mother lived her life for me, but completely Every move she ever made, every thought, every wish, were for me. Now, the Empress is inching in. Why, when Steve and I were in New York a few months ago, I was talking to mother on the phone one night and as I said goodbye to her I told her, 'I love you, Mommie, with all my heart.' There was a slight but," Lana grinned, "positively *sinister* pause and hesitation at the Hollywood end of the wire, then my heretical parent said, 'I love you, too, Lannie, but not with *all* my heart.' I just sat there, I couldn't believe my ears. It was the first time in 22 years, I could swear, that she had ever said, or imagined she could say, a thing like that. Then, as if reading my thoughts, mother added, 'I never thought I could say this, Lannie, but the baby's coming up about even with you.' I can only repeat, I just *sat there.* Then I thought, but why should I be so surprised, we're all in the same cockleshell!

"Which, indeed, we are. Why, during that trip to New York (which we couldn't and wouldn't have made if mother hadn't been at home with the baby) Steve and I saw very little of the town. Especially of the night life. We refused invitations to the theater, skipped a number of the night-clubs because we had to be at our hotel so that we could telephone home at the times the baby would be awake. And my daughter talked to me over the phone, too—you know, those fantastic little coos and squeaks!

"When I went shopping it was, mostly, for her. I'm as interested in clothes, for myself, I mean, as I ever was. More so, if anything, for I now have one more reason for keeping myself looking well. At the same time, I know that *She's* going to be the character with the clothes. And it's more fun to shop for her. To pick up those little, tiny things. We bought the most beautiful dresses for her in New York. One had a hand-painted cherub on the inch-long skirt, which matches the painted cherubs on the walls of her nursery. She's like a little doll—and do you know, when she sees pretty things, she—well, she has the *silliest* smile I've ever seen. Just opens her mouth and cackles like a little, old woman.

"It's the *newness* of it, I said. It is. Even these months later, it's still the newness of it. Steve and I will be driving home from the studio, or from a preview, or sitting at home reading and we'll look at each other and say, suddenly and, very often, simultaneously, 'We're a mother and father!' We say it just as though no man or woman had ever been a mother and father before; as though we were the *first* mother and father on the first day of the world. And that's the way we feel. Nothing, I suppose," Lana added, gravely, "ever quite rubs the lustre off a miracle.

"At home—and as I said, we spend most of our evenings at home now, and many of them alone—we seldom talk for very long about anything but her. Since she came, too, we look forward . . . I mean, we don't plan for today or tomorrow but for the years ahead, the years which we must make good years, and secure, for her.

"Steve worries," Lana laughed, aloud, but tenderly, too, "about how soon we should let her have dates. 'I hope I'll be a good father,' he'll say, during one of our interminable parental conferences, 'I may be too strict,' he'll go on, his brow furrowed like a spring field ready for planting, 'for I was young once, too, you know,' he'll admonish me (at which I die!) 'and I used to take little girls out and not bring them home on time. Well, *I'm a pretty good shot,*' he'll add, grimly, sounding quite a bit more like Alan Ladd than like himself! Then he'll look at me, sort of speculatively, and say 'You went out at 14 or 15.' 'Well,' I'll laugh, 'I turned out all right.' Then, of course, he'll say something sweet and flattering and then top himself by asking me, very seriously, 'When are we going to let her use lipstick?'

"We start to plan things we want to do together, trips we would like to take, perhaps. Steve will say 'After the war, let's go to China.' 'We can't,' I'll remind him. 'We'll have to wait until She gets older.' Or, 'It would be fun to live in a different country for a year or so after the war,' I'll say, and Steve will shake his head. 'Can't pull up stakes,' *he'll* remind *me*, 'while She's in school.'

"At least three or four times during a day and evening, we creep up to the nursery and examine every inch of her. 'Inventorying the Empress,' Steve says. And our dialogue, with seldom a variation, goes something like this:

"Me: 'She has your eyes, Steve. From the nose up, she's you.'

"Steve: 'Except that hers are navy blue. Her eyes, I mean, not her nose.'

"Me: 'But with the cutest, little green flecks in them. And remember, how when she was first born, her hair was a mass of wet, black curls? Now look at it. Now it's auburn, deep auburn. Auburn hair. Steve, and navy blue eyes—*gosh!*'

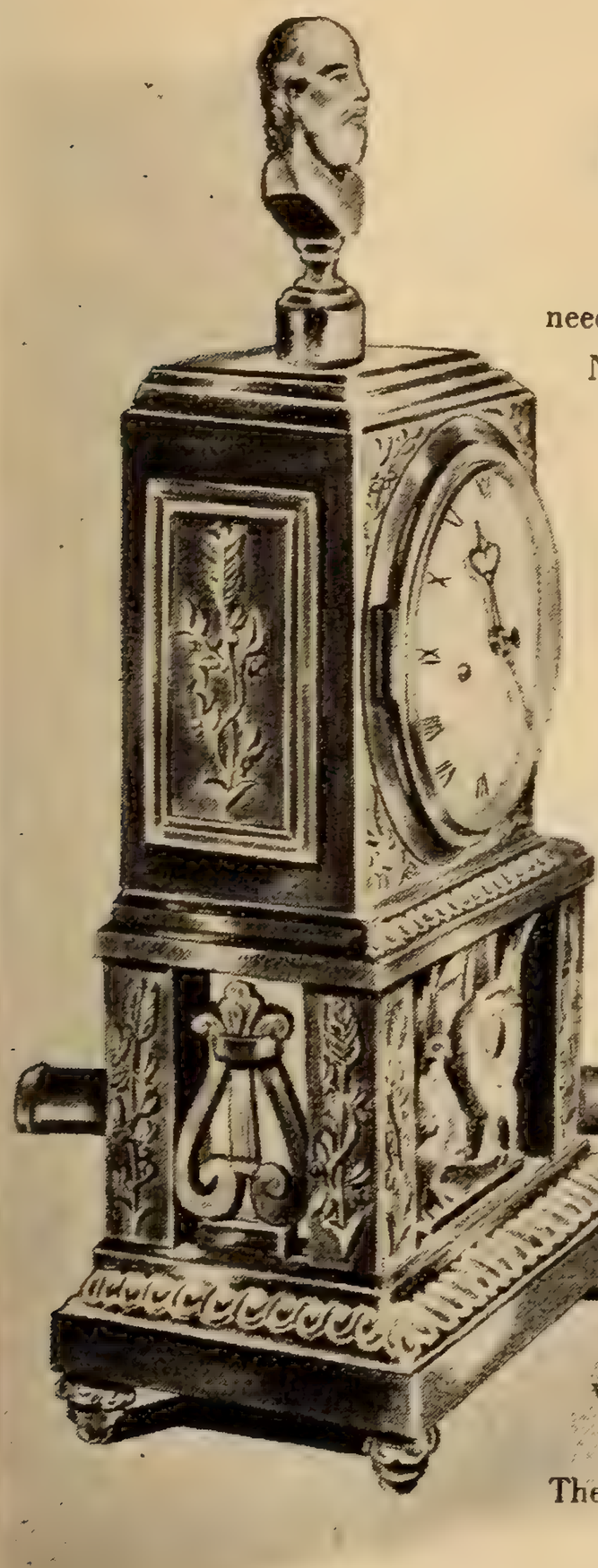
"Steve: 'Her eyes are a bit slanted though, so are yours. And this ivory skin is yours, and the rosy mouth.'

"Me: 'Well, gosh, thanks. But she has very long legs, like her Daddy, and small feet, thank heaven, and just a *little* bottom, and beautiful shoulders.'

"Then we go downstairs again, talk some more, only to repeat the routine, almost verbatim, an hour or so later.

"We talk about her schooling. We weigh the advantages versus the disadvantages of private and public schools, of this or that college. We wonder whether she will have, or want to have, a career. In our hearts, I think, we rather

"Last night I listened to the clock . . ."



• Have you a clock that talks? Ours does — has ever since I married Jack. "*Hap-py . . . Hap-py . . . Hap-py!*" — that's what it always said to me until the time he left to fight. Then we — the clock and I — were left alone . . . Since then it haunted me. "*How-long? . . . How-long? . . . How-long?*" . . . it kept on ticking. How could a woman answer that?

There *is* a way. Not one that will set the day, month and year when all our enemies will finally be beaten — but a way to help make certain that the date of victory shall not be extended one single, needless day! . . . *Work!* Work in war industries . . . in the armed services . . . in any one of the hundreds of essential jobs that are begging to be filled. The jobs that must be filled. The jobs that can't be filled unless we women do it! . . . They tell me that you and I and millions more of us are needed . . . that no special skill is required . . . that the need



is desperate. To me, that's all I need to know . . . Yesterday I got a job. Not very glamorous. Just a job. Last night I looked into the mirror. No outward change. No halo. No resemblance to Joan of Arc. But the clock knows the difference. It won't frighten me now . . . Last night I heard it using Jack's words — words spoken for millions of our men out there who are counting on us helping here. "*Good-girl! . . . Good-girl! . . . Good-girl!*"



Remember that whether or not you've ever worked before — are skilled or untrained — makes no difference. In most communities there's a job waiting for you . . . Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them. In war plants — in the armed services — in the hundreds of different-type jobs in essential business — you are *needed* to overcome this desperate emergency.

See the Help Wanted advertisements in your newspapers — visit the local office of United States Employment Service or Army and Navy Recruiting Stations — make inquiries among your friends . . . There's work to be done — there's a war to be won!

The more women at war . . . the sooner we'll win

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hope she won't want to be a 'career girl.' It's bad enough," Lana made a face, "that I have to be one, for it means we can't have as normal a life as we'd like to have, can't be just Mr. and Mrs. Crane as I'd like us to be. Not that I have any plan for 'retiring,' nor that I want to, especially, but just that I'd like to be able to spend more time with my baby. But until Steve, out of the Army now, gets started again, I shall go on facing the cameras.

"However, if, in time, Cherry does want a career then we are agreed that, of course, she will have free will in the matter.

"We want her to be able to earn her own living. We want her to have independence, which is so darned important for every individual, male or female. But if, for some reason, she is unable to earn her own independence, we want to make as certain as possible that she will be safe. To ensure her safety is, in fact, one of our major objects in life. Yesterday," Lana said, and beamed, "I got an unexpected bonus from a manufacturer who puts out the 'Lana Turner' dresses, and bought her a $1000 war bond. And she has $143.24 in her little bank account. It's so cute and such fun to see *Cheryl C. Crane* on her own little bank book and to know that it's really hers. And each month she gets $25.00 from me and $25.00 from Steve, duly deposited to her account.

"Oh, sure, we want her to have independence. I just mean that I don't want her to have a career because her mother had one. Especially, I wouldn't want her to have a career in pictures because she is my daughter but only if she should want it very much and, very especially, only if she should be darn good.

"We want her to have dancing lessons and music lessons, piano. Almost more than anything, I want her to love music. Good music. To this end, when she is awake we play only the good music. We play swing and jive," Lana grinned, "only when she is asleep.

"It really is funny, you know, the way people develop when they become parents. I tell Steve I really believe it's the child that disciplines the parents and brings them up in the way they should go, rather than the other way round. For certainly, after a baby comes, you find yourself weeding out all your little phobias and pruning your better qualities, like patience and control and so on. For example, I can take and take and take and stay pretty well on the beam but then, suddenly, I blow sky high. And then it's over like that. Steve is much the same way, gets mad quickly, only he holds it a little longer. Now, we are both less explosive, noticeably more patient. Then I had a phobia about cats. I never have liked them. I've had recurrent dreams about them ever since I was a child. Nightmares. And in my nightmares, they always became big, clawing things. But most little girls like kittens, have a right to pets, and so I must overcome that infantile aversion. Yes, after a baby comes, you very definitely find yourself trying to improve yourself. You begin to do all kinds of better, wiser, and more intelligent things than before.

"For example, I used to read 'murder mysteries' by the carload. Including all the little ten cent magazines. Now I read medical books in an attempt to better understand what caused the blood condition in Cherry which necessitated all the transfusions and so very nearly," Lana said, her eyes suddenly frightened. "cost us her life.

"Also," Lana continued, relaxing again, "I now read all the baby books, from Cornelia Otis Skinner's 'Tiny Garments,' which is out of this world delicious, to very weighty and clinical volumes on 'The Care And Feeding Of'—, 'The Scientific Baby,' and such. We've decided, however, that to raise a 'scientific' baby would be to raise a piece of mechanism. So that's out. For while the Ragamuffin will not—in spite of the all-out adoration she gets at home—be a spoiled child, neither will she be the cut-o-pattern product of a text-book. She'll have her full quota of discipline, if it kills us to administer it. She'll get a licking when she needs one, and I hope she'll need several. In other words, she'll be a healthy, happy, sometimes very naughty normal youngster, so help us!

"And that's the way we hope and mean to bring up young Miss Crane," laughed young and radiant Mrs. Crane. "And I've tried to tell you how *she* is raising *us*, what her influence is, how it affects us. I've tried to tell you what a grave responsibility we know it to be, know her to be—but what fun, too—and you have a pretty good idea, haven't you," Lana said, her voice low, her lovely eyes serene, "how happy, how *happy* I am!"

ADVERTISEMENT



"Breathless, Of Thee I Sing, Drumbeat, Pepsi-Cola—you sure are a lucky girl, Miss Millicent!"

cuticle remover. Hold the stick flat against the nail and push gently toward the base. Finish this operation with a soft sweep around the rim of your nail. If you dig in here and there with your stick, you are very likely to tear the delicate cuticle and thus cause ragged hangnails. Should you still happen to have little hanging pieces of skin, clip them off very carefully with your scissors or clippers.

It's a great temptation to do some deep cutting of tough and ridgy cuticle. Don't do it. The more it's cut, the tougher the cuticle becomes! Instead always use a softener and cuticle remover; the results are well worth the time and effort.

To wash off oils, removers, et cetera, another soapy rinsing is required after the tips are perfectly even and the cuticles satin-smooth. If you like to buff your nails with a dry polish—and incidentally, buffing is awfully good for them—this is the time to do it. However, if you are going to apply liquid polish, you must be sure to wash off every trace of the dry polish because lacquers just won't go on well when any other substance remains on the nails. Only on dry, clean nails will polish flow and cling smoothly.

Adding the brilliant sheen of liquid polish is always fun. But if you want the finish to be sheer perfection, you must learn the secret of applying the lacquer correctly. Shake up your bottle of polish. If it seems to run too thick, thin it with the preparations made for that purpose. Now, with your brush moderately full, take one quick stroke across the outline of your moon, and then about three upward strokes to draw this polish to the fingertips. With the pointed edge of your stick, remove a hairline of polish from the top of the nail. Some girls like to cover the entire nail. In that case you simply start the polish at the base and leave the white tips completely covered.

And here's an important suggestion. Right-handed people should do the nails on the right hand first. Why? Because if you apply to the left hand first, you will probably smudge a nail while you are doing the right hand. The left hand is usually more awkward than the right and hence should do its job before the more facile one gets to work. Naturally, you reverse the procedure if you are a "southpaw."

Whether you use one or two coats of polish is a matter of choice. A second coat deepens the color and gives added lustre to the nails. For final protection, it is always wise to add a coat over the nail and under the tips of the thin colorless liquid that is designed to keep intact for a long time.

Your nails are probably beautiful now, but what about the condition of your hands? They've been washed plenty during the manicuring process, so of course they need a good dose of hand lotion or cream. A thorough massage with a non-sticky soothing preparation and your soft, smooth hands will be worthy of their decorated fingertips!

MORE WAR BONDS---SPEEDIER VICTORY

"Yes . . I use Dura-Gloss"



You can't imagine what a lovely nail polish Dura-Gloss is, until you've actually used it yourself. Its brilliance and rich color add *life* and irresistable charm to your hands, to that lovely over-all picture of YOU as others see you. You'll like the way Dura-Gloss resists chipping and peeling because it contains Chrystallyne, an ingredient which makes it "set" quickly and hold well to the fingernail. Try Dura-Gloss today—a dime is all it costs, at any beauty counter.



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There is a special LOR-ODO Under-Arm SOLID Deodorant for MEN, too.

Listen, Soldier!

Continued from page 24

THAT'S why they can't be at their camp today, although they will try to come the next time they have a week or so off between pictures!

Listen, soldiers, and you other guys dressed to kill—remember that it's okay to point; it's okay to yell; it's okay to whistle, but *don't* come out and say "You were my father's favorite actress" or "When I was a tiny kid, I used to go and see you at the local movie." Frankly, it doesn't make a girl feel good. She's come to help build up your morale so don't you try and break down hers! Also, never forget that she didn't come three thousand miles just to dance with *you*. When another guy cuts in, don't grab onto the visiting star and refuse to let her go—give her to your buddy before she's black and blue; and don't make with the supposedly wise and fresh remarks at her expense just because there are a bunch of guys around you are trying to impress.

Ask thousands of boys who have had Kay Francis come to their bedside and smile, and talk with them, what *they* think about Hollywood. There's a star who will be thought about and loved for years to come, so look here, Hollywood—rise above that silly smearing that goes on. Let the world know about the fifth biggest industry's magnificent contribution to Victory—the REAL Hollywood way!

Look here, Hollywood—you are the last place that ought to be told not to hide your light under a bushel. Snatch off that bushel and tell the world on the radio and in the press. Tell them about the Victory Committee; about "Command Performance;" about the Hollywood Guild where any man in a United Nations uniform can walk right in, get himself a bed, go to the icebox and grab a leg of cold chicken—for free! Tell the world that the studios are working like mad dubbing "Yankee Doodle" and "Mrs. Miniver" into French and Italian so that we can show pictures to the starving peoples we are freeing from the Axis, people yearning once more to see entertainment and not propaganda. Yes, Hollywood—don't be bashful! Tell the world what you are doing and make HOLLYWOOD not a word to sneer at but a proud word—the word it deserves!



The Brian Donlevys, at New York's Stork Club. His next picture: "America," for M-G-M.

Chip Off the Old Block

Continued from page 41

the eye exercise chart and the girl's cheeks colored in mortification. After that it was easy for Donald to make up for lost time. By the time they'd finished dinner it didn't take any urging at all to lure her out to the observation platform.

Donald had often fancied himself in love before, but this was different. It was his heart that was doing calisthenics now as the girl strummed softly on her ukulele. It must be love, Donald decided, to make him, a jitterbug, sing sweet music!

"Would you like to dig something with a boogie bounce?" he asked as they finished. Then as she looked at him puzzled, "Dig, means listen to," he explained. "Aren't you hep to the jive?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said, "but it's cute."

Donald might have known things couldn't be that perfect. He might have known one girl couldn't have *everything*. "Miss Brent, don't tell me a pretty girl like you is an icky!" he protested.

"I don't even know what that is," she smiled. "You see I've always lived with my aunt and uncle in Honolulu. He's a college professor there. And don't you think you know me well enough now, to call me Glory?"

"Glory," Donald whispered enraptured. "I guess it's about the prettiest name I ever heard."

"It's my mother's name," she said proudly, "and my grandmother's, too. They're famous actresses and I'm the third Glory in our family."

Donald was more impressed than ever. "Do you suppose," he asked eagerly, "that Glorys One and Two would mind if Number Three and I had a date some time?"

"I'm not doing anything tomorrow night," she said quickly. "But then you probably know lots of girls in New York."

"I don't go for girls," Donald said. "At least I never did before. I never thought they made sense. But you're not a girl. You're . . . you're a woman!"

"Oh," Glory said in a small thrilled voice, "nobody ever called me that before." Then trying to sound casual, "Did you say you were free tomorrow night?"

"Sure." Donald gulped then, remembering Peggy, "Except for a . . . a business deal. But all I have to do is cancel it. We'll go dancing. I know a snazzy spot. Will you?"

"Why, of course," Glory smiled. "I've got to get hep to the jive some way."

Donald's head was in a whirl as he went back to his berth. So this was what love did to a man, he thought. making him feel like a dizzy school kid on his first date, turning him into an insomniac who tossed and turned for at least half an hour before he got to sleep. But it was worth it, seeing Gloria the next morning and realizing she was even more wonderful than he had thought her the night before.

"Remember," Donald said as they got off the train, "I'm calling for you. . . ."

Suddenly he stiffened as a shrill voice called his name, and he turned to see



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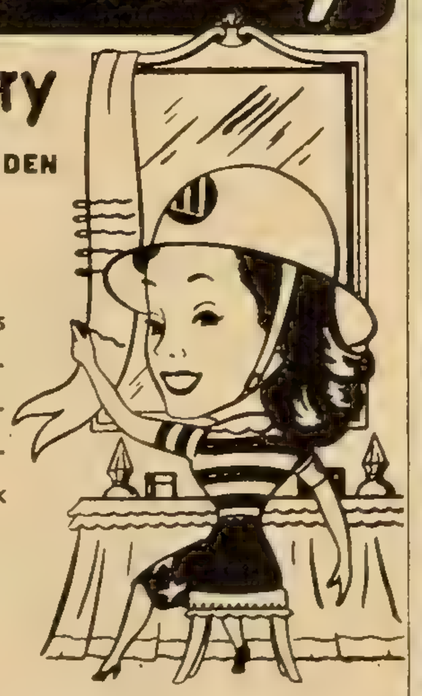
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"Oh, Donald!" she cried putting her all into her voice, "My precious, my only love! To have you with me again is heaven on earth."

"Hey, scram!" Donald whispered frantically trying to extricate himself from her embrace. He turned to Glory with a sickly smile. "Listen, I hardly know her. I only met her once for a few minutes."

"You must have worked fast," Glory said coldly.

"He did!" Peggy's voice lost all its dramatic training in that ecstatic squeal. "Darling, I've saved this evening for you, like you asked me to."

"Go 'way. Get lost." Donald's voice floundered miserably. "I can't see you tonight. I have a date."

Gloria's eyes blazed indignantly. "Not with me you haven't. Not tonight or any night, you . . . you *flirt!*"

She turned quickly, so he wouldn't see her indignant tears. Then the ache went as she saw her mother, so pretty and so young she seemed more like an older sister. And it didn't take more than a minute to be completely captivated by her grandmother's salty tongue and dry humor.

She didn't stop talking until they got home, her gestures competing with her tongue as she suggested plans for the evening. Glory, Junior, interrupted with a smile.

"Maybe Glory already has a date," she said.

"No," Glory tried to toss off her disappointment. "I did have a date, but I broke it. A boy I met on the train. His name was Donald Corrigan and he was awfully cute looking and really had a way about him but . . ."

The Glorys, Junior and Senior, exchanged significant glances.

"Did . . . he say anything about his people?" Junior asked.

"Yes," Gloria nodded. "His father's an officer in the Navy and his grandfather was a sea captain. They used to call him Mad Michael or something like that."

"I knew it!" Senior smiled triumphantly. "The Corrigan curse is on us again, even to the third generation. Have nothing to do with him, my child. The Corrigans are all alike. It's in the blood."

"You mean you know them?" Glory asked.

"Know them!" Senior gasped. "Listen, your mother would have been born a Corrigan if that boy's grandfather had kept his promise to me. And if his father hadn't been a lying scoundrel, you'd have been born a Corrigan too."

It was Donald's bad luck that he picked that moment to present himself at the Marlowes' front door, carefully juggling the corsage he'd brought along as a peace offering and announcing himself with careful carelessness to the dignified butler who opened the door. Quentin—envied by all the Marlowes' friends as New York's most perfect butler, and why shouldn't he be, having played that rôle in every one of Senior and Junior's plays, looked at him incredulously.

"CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK"

(A Universal Picture)

Original story by Robert Arthur. Screenplay by Eugene Conrad and Leo Townsend. Bernard W. Burton, associate producer. Charles Lamont, director.

Donald Corrigan....Donald O'Connor
Peggy.....Peggy Ryan
Glory Marlowe, 3rd.....Ann Blyth
Glory Marlowe, Jr.....Helen Vinson
Glory Marlowe, Sr...Helen Broderick
Quentin.....Arthur Treacher
Judd Corrigan.....Patric Knowles
Blaney Wright...J. Edward Bromberg
Henry McHugh.....Ernest Truex
Milly.....Minna Gombell
Dean Manning.....Samuel Hinds
Professor Frost.....Irving Bacon
Quiz Kid.....Joel Kupperman

"Corrigan," he said. "Not Judd Corrigan's boy!" And then as Donald nodded he took the boy's hand and shook it vigorously. "I knew your old man well," he said. Then suddenly remembering his lost dignity, he drew himself up haughtily. "I shall announce you to Miss Marlowe," he said.

He was back in less than a minute. "Miss Marlowe wishes you to know that her interest in you is dead," he said, relishing the lines as only an actor could.

"Dead?" Donald repeated dully. Then he made a fast recovery. "Well, tell her to put these on the casket." He thrust the flowers in the other's hands. "And say that I'll call her tomorrow about the funeral arrangements."

But he didn't feel as chipper as he sounded as he went back to his father's apartment. Then a telephone call from Peggy sent his spirits soaring again, for she promised to square things with Glory if he'd come over to see her right away. Only when he got there Peggy didn't show any signs of relinquishing her claim on him at all.

"I'm just a woman fighting for her man," she announced dramatically. And then appealingly, "Other boys say I'm a cute little dish."

"I think you're a clean little dish," Donald said grimly, "and as far as I'm concerned, you're all washed up. You told me you'd fix things if I came over. Well, I'm over!"

It wasn't any use hanging on, even Peggy could see that. And it helped, putting on that sad renunciation scene as she told him she'd keep her promise But it didn't help at all having Donald tell her what a swell egg she was when the words she longed to hear should have come out of "Romeo and Juliet."

"You mean, I'm a swell little dope!" she announced indignantly. "Now I'll never get in a Broadway show. How can I do auditions knowing you're with her? How can I dance with lead in my heart?"

"Gee, kid," Donald gulped unhappily. "I don't want to ruin your career. I wish there was something I could do."

"There is, if you've got the nerve," Peggy said quickly. "You could do a couple of auditions with me. We could run through a number right now."

There wasn't much he could do with her snuggling up to him like that as if



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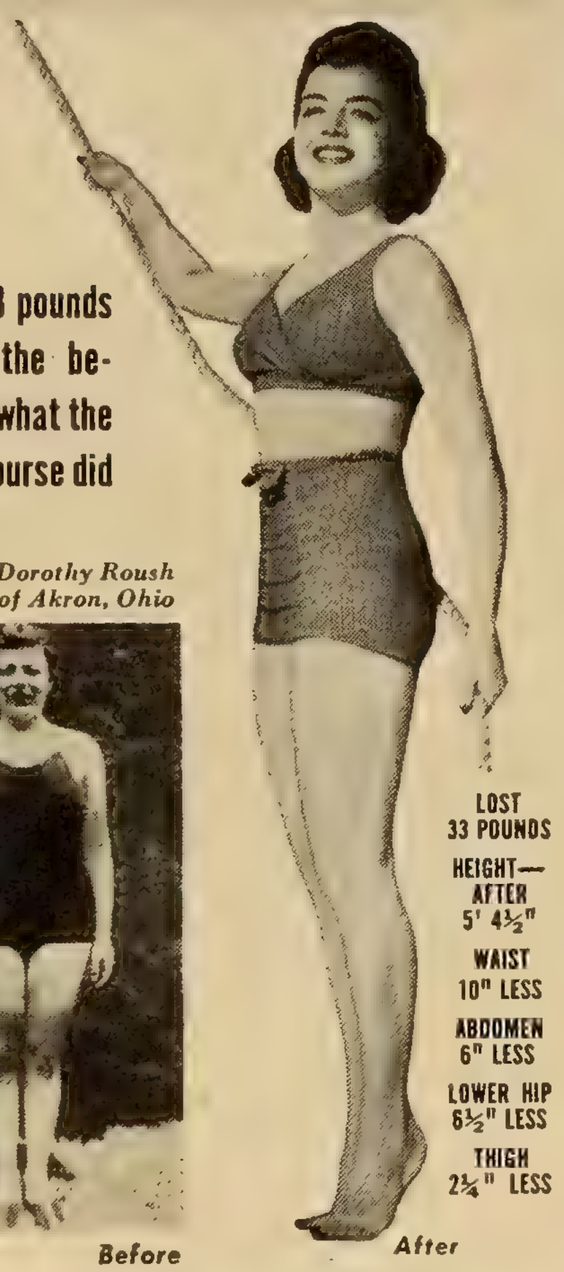
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it were part of the dance. But Donald did his best to cling to his new independence. "Now remember," he warned her as he fell into step, "this is strictly a business deal. There's nothing between us. Nothing at all."

Everything was going to be all right now, Donald assured himself happily, as he called Glory the next morning. But when he heard her voice on the wire, all his hopes went crashing again. She told him she was engaged and never wanted to see him again. Even if Donald had remembered that Glory's grandmother had been a famous actress, he would never have thought a nice old lady would lie through her teeth like that and stoop to imitating her own granddaughter's voice. Nor did Glory realize it was her mother who had given orders to Quentin to tell her that Donald had phoned to say he was leaving town. For Senior and Junior had decided to stop this latest Corrigan invasion before it got started.

But they hadn't counted on Donald. There must have been Commando blood in his veins for when he met her unexpectedly on the street he took her arm and led her firmly into the nearest drug store. "Now listen, Glory," he said masterfully after he'd ordered two double cokes, "stop pretending you don't know me!"

"I don't." Glory stared at him indignantly. "I mistook you for someone who left town this morning. What train did you take? The subway from Times Square to Forty-Ninth Street?"

"I don't know what *you're* talking about," Donald said loftily, "but *I'm* talking about that telephone conversation we had." His voice changed to a piercing falsetto and glaring at her, he quoted: "I'm afraid I've led you on a little, Donald. I'm engaged so I can't see you anymore!"

Suddenly Glory couldn't hold back that little giggle. "I'm not engaged and I never was. Quentin told me you were leaving town. Listen, I can see it all now! You're coming right home and meet Senior and Junior and I'll tell them it was all a mistake about Peggy. She . . . she called me this morning and explained."

"Gosh!" Donald said gulping his coke. And "Gosh!" he said again as he took her arm and they walked down the street.

But it wasn't so easy winning over Senior and Junior. They had plans for Glory. Blaney Wright, who had produced all of Junior's plays, wanted to star a third Glory Marlowe on Broadway and both Senior and Junior knew to their sorrow what havoc the Corrigan charm could play with careers. They both excluded Donald from the conversation that day he brought Glory home and Wright offered her the part. Donald had never felt more superfluous in his life until Glory turned to him.

"I don't want to be an actress," she said softly, as if she were appealing to him for help. "I want to work for China Relief and I'm dividing what's left of my time between the Red Cross and the Army Canteen. What do you think I should do, Donald?"

"What does *he* think?" the others cried resentfully. And Donald would have



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really given with a smirk if it weren't for that uncertainty in Glory's eyes.

"Well," he said slowly, "as I see it, there's only one thing to do. You owe it to the others to go in the show. But so you can feel you're still giving all your time to war work, all the profits must go to China Relief, the Red Cross and the Army Canteen."

"You mean on opening night, of course," Wright said, and he couldn't help that involuntary shudder, as Donald shook his head decisively.

"No, for the entire run," he said firmly. "All the profits, the whole works." And then as Wright practically fainted, Junior flung him that amused glance and Donald knew everything was going to be all right, that he and Glory's mother were friends at last.

"Well," she said dryly, "are you going to be patriotic, Blaney?"

"Or," Senior cut in sharply, "do we call a few columnists and give 'em the lowdown on a low down. . . ."

"Now wait," Wright protested in an anguished voice. "You know I've always been all out for charity. It was just on the tip of my tongue to suggest it myself."

After that Donald wouldn't have had a chance to get that audition for Peggy if it weren't for Glory who insisted Wright try her out. Only Glory couldn't quite suppress her qualms when she discovered Donald was going to dance with Peggy. Her heart would break, she decided tearfully, if he should turn out to be like the rest of those love 'em and leave 'em Corrigans.

And then on the night of the audition, Judd Corrigan came home from the seas. "Donald!" he called exuberantly as he came into the apartment. "This is a pleasure, all the Corrigans in the home port together. Here let me look at you. Every time I go away you shoot up four inches." Then he thought of something. "But, young man, aren't you supposed to be in school? Listen, you're going back to Sperling on the first train I can put you on."

"I can't go back right away, dad," Donald said uncomfortably. "You see, I'm supposed to be at a rehearsal for Glory's show right now. Glory Brent, I mean. Only her stage name is Glory Marlowe. Maybe you've heard about them. Her mother and grandmother were both . . ."

"Glory Marlowe!" Judd's face whitened under his tan. "Yes, I know. I was once quite a Marlowe fan. We'd better get down there. I'm going with you." Then as Donald hesitated he grinned, "Get your hat and don't talk back to your commanding officer!"

Glory, Junior, was sitting alone in the orchestra when they came into the theater. Donald started to introduce them and then he looked startled as he saw how superfluous that gesture would be. For Junior and his father were staring at each other the way only people still in love can stare; saying nothing, the way people will who have a great deal to say to each other. It wasn't until the dance director called Donald on stage that Glory, Junior, found her voice.

"He's a fine boy, Judd," she said softly. "Congratulations."

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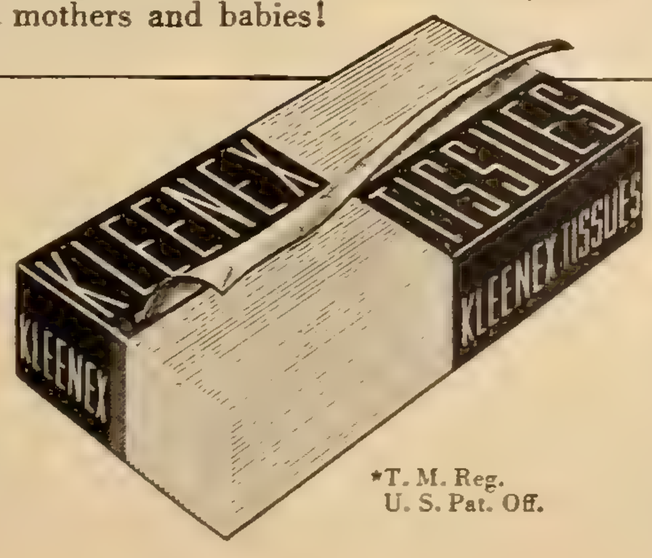
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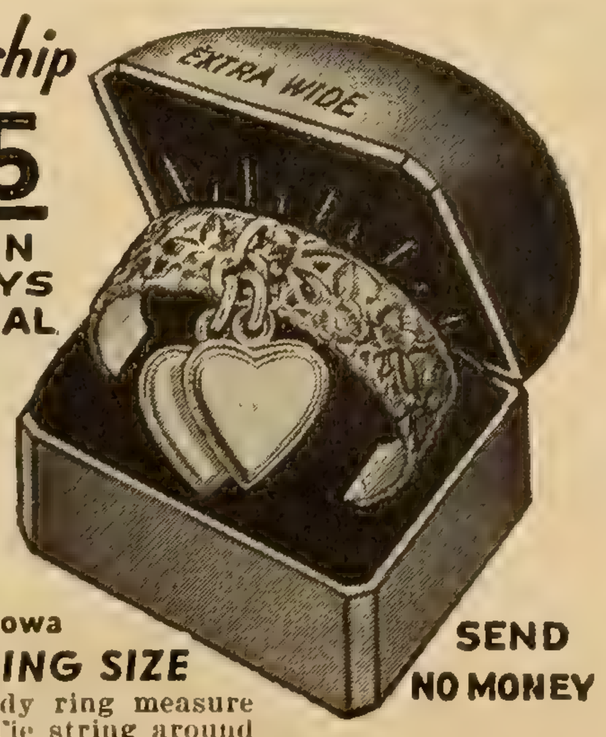
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"Same to you," Judd said. "I hear there's a new star in the Marlowe family. And Donald. . . ." His smile twisted as he stopped abruptly. "I know how the boy feels," he said at last. "I was in love with an actress myself, twenty years ago. I wanted to marry her and she kept asking me to wait."

"You weren't the waiting kind," Junior looked away. "She found that out."

"No," Judd reached for her hand, "I rushed out and married a dancer. She died soon after Donald was born. After that, nothing mattered too much. You see, I still loved the actress."

"I've waited twenty years to hear you say that," Junior said in her husky voice. Her hand reached out to his and held it. "Darling, twenty years is a long time to make up for," she whispered.

Glory caught her breath as she stood in the wings watching them. Glory, who felt as if her heart had broken those moments before when she had seen Donald kissing Peggy in her dressing room. And now, her mother was caught in the Corrigan charm again. Glory felt as if she wanted to cry as she saw Peggy and Donald go into their dance. Only people in love could dance so perfectly together, she thought miserably, appalled that in spite of everything, she still loved him. And she knew she wouldn't be able to hold out against the Corrigan charm either when she joined the rest of the cast in that spontaneous applause. But, she decided indignantly, as Peggy threw her arms around Donald again, she certainly didn't have to stand by and watch him making love to someone else. Then she heard Donald's voice and suddenly her heart began singing again.

"Do you always have to get so mushy?" he was demanding of Peggy.

"That wasn't mush," Peggy protested. "That was gratitude, just like that other kiss was for luck."

Glory didn't wait to hear anything else. Mush, gratitude and luck! From now on they'd be the three most beautiful words in the world to her. Suddenly she found herself standing there beside Peggy.

"Isn't he wonderful?" Peggy sighed. "I never could have gone on without him. I'd kiss him again only he gets so sore."

"He does?" Glory smiled. Then in sudden recklessness she went over to him, "Well, suppose I kiss him for you."

Peggy couldn't understand it at all, the way Donald returned Glory's kiss, the way he held on to her, as if he were never going to let her go again.

"And you always said you didn't like mush," she protested.

"Yeah." Donald looked up. "Silly, wasn't I?" he grinned. And before Peggy could even open her mouth again, he was k i s s i n g Glory again. Peggy wouldn't have believed it if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, a cold proposition like Donald Corrigan kissing a girl like that!

ANOTHER WAR BOND IS ANOTHER CRACK IN THE AXIS ARMOR

One of the Millions

Continued from page 20

an assignment of vital responsibility. He's an aerial gunnery instructor, with years of national and international shooting records to back up every word of the high praise he receives daily on this job. His work is demanding and tiring—hundreds of green men a month—to take in, train, and turn out—gunners. He gets so tired he wishes he could drop on the spot where he stands—but his aim is to do the damndest best job in him—and that aim is his determination. A boy, raised in high comfort with no responsibilities in his life, has taken to the lean comforts and stern duties of his job like all Victory-bent Americans.

He is excessively proud of the Navy At present, there are nine members of his family in this branch of the service, and there has been a member of the family in the U. S. Navy ever since it came into existence. Bob asks no favors. He asks not even the privileges earned. In all the months he has been in service, he's had no leave, though for one year he has been eligible to apply for one. The truth is, he's so intensely interested in his work, so proud of his post, that he might even admit the reason he hasn't made application for leave: "There's too much happening around here — and I don't want to take a chance on missing a thing. Besides, I expect to end up as a gunnery officer with a squadron of planes when we get enough gunners trained."

In the meantime, his friends go north to visit him occasionally in small parties —Henry Willson, the Jack Buetels, Jane Russell and her husband, Dolores Moran Sheila Ryan—and there is yet nothing on record to indicate that any of the young actresses Bob once dated have turned down camp show appearances in the direction of San Francisco. But the gang, too, have found how Bob has changed. There's a little of the old zest for night clubbing and the rhumba (and Bob has been a devotee). "That sort of thing would make an old man out of me now," he'll say earnestly.

His favorite topic of conversation is the Navy, its traditions, its glories, its superiority to all branches of the service. He'll have his best times arguing with friends who are in different branches. Stationed also near San Francisco (at this writing) are Cesar Romero, Coast Guard; John Carroll, Army Air Force; Richard Quinn, Coast Guard; and Eddie Albert, Army Air Forces. They get together in twos mostly, rarely threes—and spend the evening "shooting the breeze" over the old "feud" of Army vs Navy, and vice versa.

Ask Bob what he, himself, feels about the changes which have taken place inside, and he'll tell you honestly: "Does anyone really know how they change? I only know how I feel. I haven't got things confused any more. I think I'm learning to take only the big things big."

About what Bob means by the "big things" he will talk indefinitely. Doing a good instructing job . . . his pride in friends who are hailed as heroes . . . the new Naval artillery, air-craft, and car-

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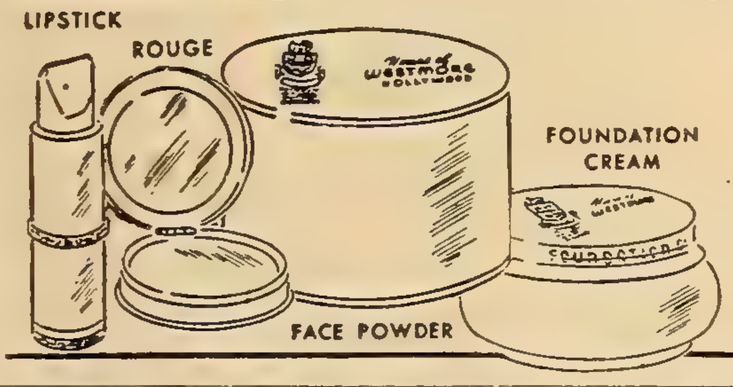


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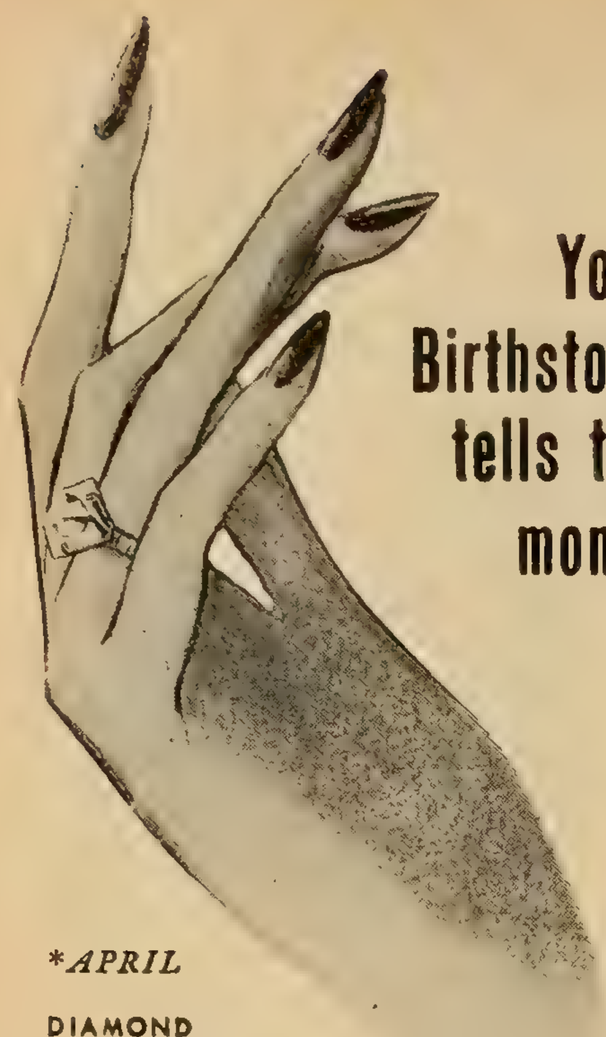
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"There's no chance in this job, you know, for personal glory. *I* know it. The only chance I've got is to give these kids the best I know—and maybe a little bit of what I've taught them will help them beat the enemy to the draw.

"I got a letter from John Baldwin the other day. He was one of the R.A.F. kids who used to stay with us in Los Angeles. So far he's knocked off five German planes, has two probably destroyed, and two more damaged, but the best part is—they gave him a D.F.C. —what a guy!

"You know it isn't until a guy has shed his own sweat over his job for this war that he appreciates what a great country, what a benevolent country ours is—and he'll never again take it for granted. I've got a perspective on that, don't worry—but maybe I've lost one, too. They came up here not so long ago to make some moving pictures for a reel of Hollywood actors in service. They asked me to go right ahead with my work—to act as though they weren't around. That was sort of unnecessary, because you can't do this work with your mind on anything else. Someone said I looked too serious about it all—to give with a big smile. And do you know, I couldn't? I think that's when I realized for the first time that in the Navy you are just that—Navy—and I couldn't see any reason to ham up the pictures of an aerial gunnery instructor at work—with a phoney smile.

"Sure, I used to be casual about whether I was right or wrong. In the Navy, you just aren't casual, period. And in the Navy, brother, you'd better be right! I was officer of the day when the hills surrounding our firing range caught on fire from our tracer bullets. Of course, I had a full crew and we put the damned thing out before it did any damage. But it scares me into an icicle every time I think what would have happened if the barracks had caught fire —'that's all, Stack, you're court-martialed, see?'

"I've always gotten a terrific kick out of winning skeet championships. But no event I ever entered was as important as shooting with the Navy team against the Army. It's always been a great sport and I've always had the will to win—but shooting for the Navy was the only time I knew I'd rather die than lose. I ached to make a perfect score."

Bob helped the Navy beat the Army team, but he was personally disappointed. He only shot 99 out of 100!

We talked of lighter things the next day while sitting around the pool at the Officers Club. "Don't you miss the glamor girls, Bob?"

"I can't miss 'my' glamor girls—they're all married now," he grinned, "but I love 'em anyway."

"You don't mean you're not interested in girls any more?"

"Hold it, sister," grinned Bob. "This is no Western Union uniform I'm wearing! I'm still a sailor!"

And make no mistake, the girls from five to fifty are still interested in this broad-shouldered, on-the-beam officer, Stack. There was one small tot making

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a great nuisance of herself among the guests that afternoon at the pool—generally disturbing and gabbery, in everyone's hair. Bob grabbed her and gave her a piggy-back ride around the sands, much to her delight.

"Would that all women were so easily diverted," he grinned when he joined us again. Just then a golden-haired miss about five years old commenced squealing in the group next to us. Shortly, she reached her crescendo, an unholy blitzkrieg of one to infest the peace of the afternoon sunshine. Bob started to smile at her, wiggled his wrist so the sun caught the reflection of his watch. She came toddling over to investigate—and he spent the next twenty minutes explaining the mechanism of his watch, much to the grateful admiration of everybody in the place.

I boarded the train for Los Angeles that evening, glad for having known a boy named Robert Stack, proud for having met the man. *There* was a guy—and there was the man typical of Uncle Sam's All-American winning team — conscientious, loyal, all-heart-in-the-job, keen-minded, strong-bodied Yankee.

He held my hand to shake good-bye, and just all at once his face went pale. "I don't think I'm going to be able to take my feet off this train—I'm—I'm home-sick," he said in a wistful voice. For that one half second Bob had experienced the yearning of every service man away from home—to go home, to be home, for one short while. Just as suddenly he pulled himself together. "What the hell kind of a jerk am I, anyway?" The Stack grin flashed.

"Well, so long, chum—I'll be seeing you — after the wars." Two fingers touched his cap in a jaunty salute. The young officer bowed from the waist, turned neatly. I looked after him, watched his graceful progress down the long aisle of the train. A man who had found himself by losing his personal identity. One of the millions of reasons why America wins her wars.

Editor's Note: As we go to press, Ensign Stack has just earned his Lieutenant (j.g.) stripes.



Ginger Rogers was Frank Sinatra's first guest star on his new CBS radio show.



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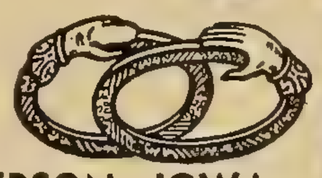
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The Gaga Saga of Danny Kaye

Continued from page 35

chain drug store, the whole gang celebrated. Not without cause, it soon developed. They descended on his place of employment to felicitate him, ordered sundaes, floats, and milk shakes like the veriest of plutocrats, gorged themselves, and then vamoosed with a "Thanks, Danny." Things went on like this for a couple of weeks until the manager, observing a baker's dozen of contented youths streaming out of the place without so much as a nod at the cashier, stormed over to Danny, asked him whether he thought he was operating a relief kitchen, and fired him.

"A guy with your gift of gab, Danny, is a natural-born insurance salesman," his chums told him.

Gullible, if not susceptible to flattery, Danny agreed with his friends on the spot, changed into his $27.50 suit, and started making the rounds of the insurance companies. He never quite managed to convince a single insurance company executive that he was a demon policy-underwriter, but he did manage to convince an over-trusting manager into thinking that he was a competent clerk. He was going great guns, to all outward appearances, when the company auditor discovered that he had made a $40,000 mistake on the books which might have proved fatal. Exit Danny.

He joined his chums at the candy store that same night—a different Danny Kaye, a Danny with an aversion to big business but otherwise a Danny without a care in the world. To show his likewise unemployed chums how good he felt, he went into an impromptu bit of clowning that panicked his pals so completely that the owner of the candy store came running out from behind the counter to caution them: "Boys, boys! You shouldn't break the show-cases."

A much more inspired comment came from one of the customers, an old vaudevillian by the name of Bert Lee. "That ain't a bad routine, Danny," Mr. Lee said, admiringly. "If I were you, I'd try it out at the summer resorts."

Give a guy like Danny an inch of encouragement and he takes a mile of self-confidence. Anyhow, he was calling on top-flight booking agents almost before sun-up the following morning with the announcement that if they were looking for "something different" for the coming resort season, here he was. Naturally, they wanted to know who he was. When he told them, they looked bored.

In time he did manage to find a small agent who did book him into a from-hunger resort into the Catskills, where all he had to do was sing, dance, act, build scenery, comfort the lonely hearts (most of them plump and fifty), and dance with wall-flowers who were positively no bargain. For services rendered he was paid just enough to keep him in cigarettes, odd trousers (which had a way of wearing thin, overnight practically) and penny-ante money. Come fall and his assets were $8.97, a half dozen promising telephone numbers, an

ambition to become a great entertainer, and a faith in himself that not even a glacier could crush.

He needed that faith in himself, needed it badly, as the next eight years were to bear out. Fresh from his first season as a one-man variety show, he swooped down on the agents again, a little more cocky than before, which had been plenty. There were no takers. Undaunted, he muddled through somehow until summer, landed himself another job, outdid himself, wound up in the fall with $88.00, and made the rounds all over again. There still were no takers.

Arguing like a Philadelphia lawyer did him no good. For three years he worked summers and loafed the rest of the year because no one would give him a job. The fourth summer he met up with a dance team by the name of Harvey and Young. They caught one of his performances, were delighted, and invited him to join their act.

It was the chance he had been waiting for. With not a single dance lesson to his credit, he accepted with alacrity, rehearsed furiously, and prepped for his début in Utica. It was some début. He had just finished executing a flashy pirouette when he slipped and landed ka-plop on his bottom. Stunned and mortified, he was contemplating the disaster when Harvey waltzed by and whispered: "Bravo! Wait for the laugh!" He did, and the audience practically took the place apart. From then on his fate was sealed; he was a comic.

The act was playing Detroit when who should come around back stage but A. B. Marcus, a producer of vaudeville units. "You and the lady are terrific," he said, "and I'd like to sign you for a new show I'm sending out on the road. The tall blond fellow I don't need."

But for a shining example of loyalty a promising career would have been nipped in the bud right then and there. Rearing back on their heels, Dave Harvey and Kathleen Young informed Mr. Marcus that Danny went with the act—or else.

"All right," Mr. Marcus sputtered, "the tall blond fellow can stay in the act. But I'm not paying a cent more for three than I'd give you for two."

"Fine," Harvey said, "it's a deal."

Mr. Marcus lived to regret his hasty opinion of Danny. When he joined the show at Detroit, he performed in two of the twenty-two skits. By the time the show hit the coast, he was the star, playing in sixteen of the twenty-two skits!

A short layover at San Francisco and the troupe sailed for the Orient, toured China, Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, and Lord knows where-all else. He was gone two years, but he hadn't exactly set the world on fire.

He combed Broadway and environs with a fine-tooth comb. The best he could do was to snag a job as stooge for a dancer named Nick Long, a job that took him to London. Never was stooge more energetic, more conscientious. But the Londoners, puzzled over the furious young man who seemed always to be falling over himself, were not amused. He took an early boat back to the U.S.A.—third class.

He was renewing acquaintances on



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To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp . . . soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



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Broadway a few days after his return when a pal of his happened along and dropped the information that a pal of *his* was whipping up a modest little show with the intention of touring the summer resorts with it and why didn't he drop by the rehearsal the next day on the off-chance that there might be something for him in the show.

He almost didn't show up. He was tired of playing summer resorts and getting nowhere, he kept trying to tell himself. In the end, he did put in an appearance, just for the fun of it. He arrived late, announced himself to the pert brunette engrossed in some typewritten pages, "I'm Danny Kaye."

"I'm busy," she said.

"Very funny," he said, walking off.

"Very rude," she said, before he got out of earshot.

When it came his turn, he did a couple of numbers that wowed every performer present. He had finished taking his bows when the pert brunette ambled over. "I don't especially like you," she said, "but I think you've got loads of talent."

"I don't especially like you," Danny said, "but I don't know why. What did you say the name was?"

"Fine—Sylvia Fine."

"What's your racket?"

"I write special material."

"I could use some."

"I was about to suggest we team up."

"I was about to take you up on it."

They did team up, Danny, Sylvia, and her collaborator, a mild man of talent by the name of Max Liebman, hieing themselves to another one of those eternal resorts in the Catskills, with the understanding that the thing was Danny. Sylvia pummeled her typewriter to death on the young comedian and saw that he didn't overspread himself.

The result of that summer was the emergence of a modest little Broadway production, authored by Max Liebman and Sylvia Fine, called "The Straw Hat Revue," starring Imogene Coca and displaying for the first time on Broadway—but not too prominently—an unknown by the name of Danny Kaye. He was still an unknown after the show opened. Not a single critic mentioned him.

It almost broke Danny's heart. Max, a patient soul, suggested a trip to Miami. Danny took his bruised pride and jolted confidence to Florida. He had been there less than a week when he realized that something was missing, to wit: Sylvia Fine. He called her up, long distance.

"Why don't you hop down here, sugar?" he asked her on the 'phone.

"What for?"

"For one thing, we could get married."

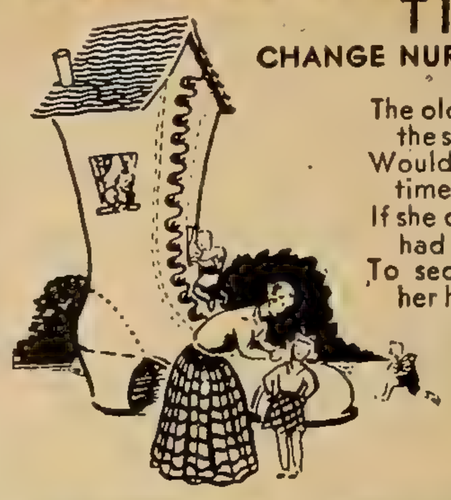
"Who's writing your material these days, Danny? It's terribly funny."

Well, she came down with influenza a fortnight later, and the doctor prescribed rest and a warm climate—Florida, perhaps. When she was well enough to make the trip she found herself aboard a train bound for Miami. Danny met her at the station with a wonderful idea. Why didn't they elope? They did.

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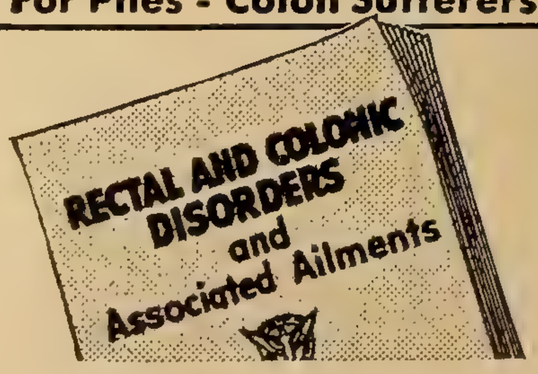


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pleaded with Sylvia. "I've got to floor 'em opening night or I'm sunk."

He floored 'em opening night all right, floored 'em with "Anatole of Paris," an infectious bit of satire whipped up by Sylvia lampooning a goofy designer of hats. On hand that night were a host of theatrical magnificoes, Gypsy Rose Lee, Billy Rose, Noel Coward, Milton Berle, Dinah Shore, Eddie Cantor, and, most importantly, Moss Hart. Moss Hart was so taken by him that when he came to cast his next production, "Lady In The Dark," he offered Danny the part of the fluttery fashion photographer. What Danny did with that part is Broadway history.

That did it. After twenty weeks of "Lady In The Dark" at $400 a week, Danny went into New York's Paramount Theater for five weeks at $1500 a week. Engagement over, he hopped to Hollywood, went into Ciro's for $2400 a week. Came fall and he hit Broadway again, this time as the star of "Let's Face It," at $2500 a week plus a percentage of the take, for a net aggregate of something like $3700 a week.

He was shoveling money into the vaults of the Chase National Bank when Samuel Goldwyn appeared on the scene, informed him he was "a four-star genius," whatever that is, and begged him to sign a contract guaranteeing him $125,000 a picture for five years with the privilege of passing on scripts, directors, cameramen, and, for all anybody knows, Samuel Goldwyn's cravats.

As a favor to Samuel Goldwyn, Danny signed.

Shirley Scotches Those Romance Rumors!

Continued from page 33

would please not take any pictures of me. They were very understanding. One gentleman said he had a daughter of my age and that to try to make romantic copy of a fifteen-year-old was sheer nonsense—and poor taste!

"But," said Shirley, closing the subject, "when, some day, the right boy does come along, my parents will make the announcement for me. Because I want a wedding with all the trimmings, and everything. But I expect that will be a long time off!"

Shirley suddenly gasped in recollection. A very handsome young cadet was shortly due for dinner with the Temples—and to escort Shirley to a dancing party. In a flash, Shirley had excused herself, "for just a second"—and was taking the wide, red-carpeted stairway in the Brentwood home two steps at a time.

From upstairs came the rustling of box lids on Shirley's dressing table. Rejoining us in the living room, Shirley exhibited a small sterling silver bracelet with a tag.

"I almost forgot to wear my present," she smiled at Mrs. Temple. "Jimmy would have been disappointed."

"Little rings and pins or bracelets are 'tags' and 'crash-bracelets,'" Shirley said. "Boys give them to the girls to wear. We take turns wearing them. Some have tiny tags with inscriptions like this one." Shirley offered for inspection the little finger

WHAT EVERY MOTHER SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LAXATIVES!



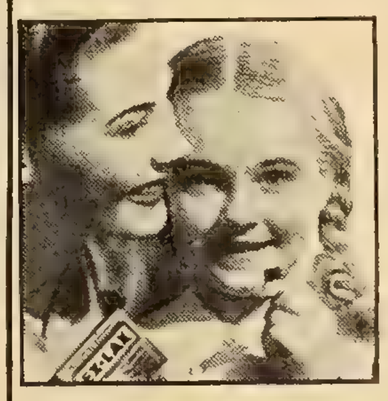
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ring on her left hand, set with small sapphires clustered like a flower. A miniature gold tag was attached. She did not expose the signature. Shirley considers such things "strictly personal."

"No, it doesn't mean any engagement —or anything like that!" Shirley smothered a laugh. "Wouldn't that be silly? It just means a boy likes you. We have too much fun to think about love or worry about it."

Shirley will be sixteen in April. She is as normal as any of her contemporaries —enjoying her first chaperoned dancing parties and movies, sandwiches at a drive-in on week-end nights, with her girl friends and her boy friends, and sometimes double-dating.

The Temple drawing room is a large, airy, sun-filled room in soft greens and beige. A life-size painting of Shirley, with her fifty-two famous curls at the age of six, hangs over the mantel. Two smaller portraits of Shirley, taken when she was the biggest box office star in the world for four consecutive years—1935 to 1939—stood on a small table. Shirley was wearing a little linen dress of hibiscus red, with two large white flowers on either side of her auburn hair. Her face, except for a slight dash of lipstick, hasn't changed from the dimpled doll of ten years back. Unless it is the deeper intelligence and knowledge of a poised junior looking out of clear unwavering brown eyes. Quick-thinking, Shirley is never at a loss for an answer in conversation. She's surprisingly well informed on current topics. As always, Mrs. Temple lets Shirley speak for herself. Just as she did as a very little girl, however, Shirley frequently turns to her mother. And there's a light of adoration in her eyes that must be a far deeper reward to Mrs. Temple than her child's fame and achievement. Theirs is a delightful companionship.

"Little girls who are just ten go to dancing parties for the juniors at the country clubs," Shirley further enlightened. "First we go to dancing school. The boys from the various military academies are invited along with the boys from other schools. They return the girls' dancing parties. It's funny to see the little ten-year-old girls striding across the floor, wearing socks and shoes under their long formals," Shirley smiled.

Van Johnson, one of Shirley's current screen heroes, came to one of the dancing parties, unknown to Shirley. A girl asked Shirley if she would like to trade a dance. Shirley, who had an exceptionally good partner, said she'd rather not.

"I didn't know until it was too late, that Van Johnson was her date. I'm still mad!"

Shirley has a custom of looking out the back window of the Temple car as it goes along. On Wilshire, Mickey Rooney came by in his car. His face lighted. He waved Shirley smiled and waved back. Mickey stepped on the gas and pulled forward.

"But he was waving at a pretty girl in a car ahead," Shirley said. Mickey hadn't seen her. He'll learn of his tough luck here.

"I like smooth dancing, and I don't mind mild jitterbugging," Shirley continued. "But the way they dance you at Hollywood Canteen—! Is that a kick!" Shirley giggled with a roll of her brown eyes. "There're jitterbugs from all parts

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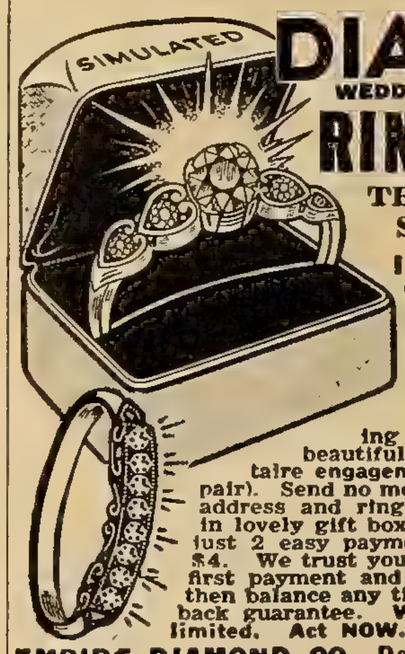


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of the country. I expect I dance with 200 boys in a single night."

Don't think Shirley's life centers on boys and social activities. Far from it. She has plans for college and a stage career. Not to mention her current picture "Since You Went Away," and radio broadcasts. When David O. Selznick offered Shirley a "come-back" seven-year-contract, he first negotiated with her parents, George and Gertrude Temple. "We have always let Shirley decide," they said.

David Selznick, who has great belief in Shirley, outlined what he had in mind for her career and her future. First this rôle in "Since You Went Away"—as the tomboy daughter, *Brig,* who tries to augment the family income to help her mother (played by Claudette Colbert) while Daddy is away at war.

"I expect Shirley will marry before her seven-year contract expires," Mr. Selznick was heard to remark. He is not unaware of her popularity. He doesn't intend to rush Shirley's career. She may make one picture a year—or more—if good stories are found. Selznick isn't perturbed either way, until Shirley finishes school and dispenses with tutors and lessons on the set. Then he has definite plans for her, on a grandiose scale. Shirley, too, has plans which include college along with her chums from Westlake school. She would like to major in art and literature appreciation.

The George Sanders "Murder Mystery"

Continued from page 37

"It was in St. Petersburg, Russia, where I was born. Every afternoon we would meet in the cherry orchard. She was my princess, my dream girl. We planned to be married. And then—"

"And then?"

"I found another—a girl who possessed something much more than Thais had to offer. She had three frogs in her pool."

"???"

"Frogs were very important to me at the time. If the murder weapon is a boutonnière of cherry blossoms impregnated with poisonous fumes, I should definitely want Thais cross-examined."

"Why were frogs so important to you then, Mr. Sanders?"

"Can you think of anything more enticing to a boy of six?"

My leg twitched with the suspicion that it was being pulled. "Please be serious, Mr. Sanders. Murder is serious business."

An eyebrow lifted in sardonic amusement. "I agree wholeheartedly," he replied, "especially when it is *my* murder we're discussing. Would it help the interview if I assumed the attitude of a corpse? I seem to be properly attired for the rôle."

He arose, smoothing the wickedly faultless tails of the full dress clothes he wears in "The Lodger," thrilling legend of Jack The Ripper being recreated by a fine group of actors, including two British titles: Lady Korda (Merle Oberon) and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Surprisingly, he does not portray the rôle of The Ripper. Laird Cregar, a super-heavy at two hundred and forty pounds, is the killer,

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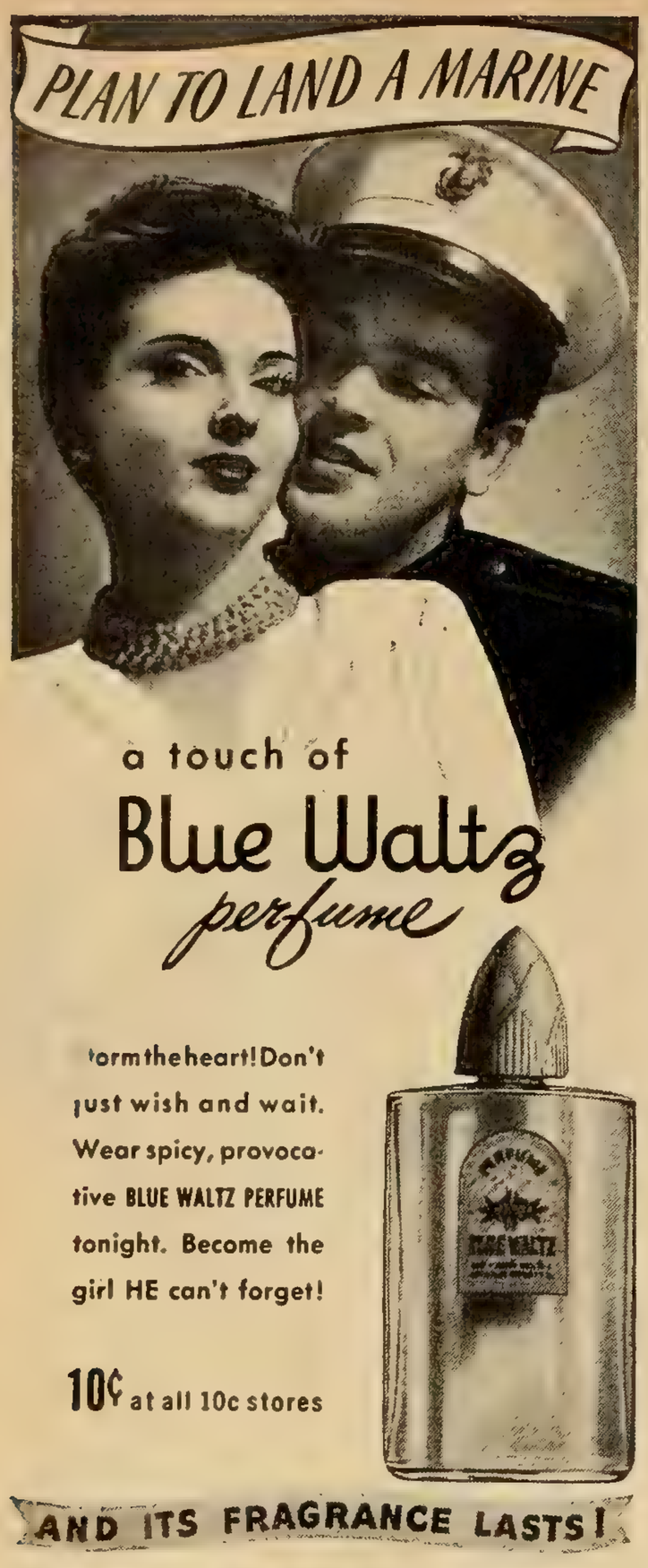
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while Sanders, a scant two hundred fifteen, is the detective and romantic lead.

A timid cough recaptured his wandering attention. "There must be a number of promising suspects among your fellow artists," I suggested. "Stealing scenes and telling people the truth about themselves is hardly the way to win a popularity contest in Hollywood."

"It didn't enhance my popularity on Broadway, either," chuckled Mr. Sanders reminiscently. "I had a bit of a struggle breaking into show business. Then I got a job understudying the star of a play. After a while, standing in the wings and watching him perform grew rather tiresome. I waited for something to happen. Then I tried to help matters along by getting him too drunk to go on. Unfortunately, my meager salary was unequal to his remarkable capacity, but he never really forgave me."

The name of the benighted actor went to the top of the list. My pencil flew faster as Mr. Sanders warmed to his subject. "We mustn't omit the Committee To Keep George Sanders From Singing 'One Alone.'"

"How does one cross-examine a committee?" I asked, bewildered.

Mr. Sanders patted me reassuringly. "There were four men in the group. They occupied the rooms adjoining mine in a theatrical hotel in Times Square. My operatic uncle had suggested that I become a singer, so I spent six months cultivating a baritone voice, mostly by singing 'One Alone.' I sang it at every audition in town. Eventually it got me a singing rôle in a musical revue called 'Ballyhoo.' This was my real start. It permitted me to move from the hotel just in time to avoid the wrath of the irate Committee. So if I am found laid out beside my piano, my body covered with scraps of 'One Alone,' the Committee will have fulfilled its sworn purpose."

"Any other suspects?" I asked.

Gray-green eyes fastened on me, narrowing to slits before Mr. Sanders spoke again. "Above all, we must not leave out the fan magazine writer."

"Which one?"

"All of them," he said with painful clarity. "They write lies about me—paint me in falsely villainous colors — twist harmless little discussions with producers into cataclysmic battles—make my simple little observations sound like pointed insults. Yes, if I'm murdered by a poisoned pen, it will be the work of a fan magazine writer."

At last I got a glimpse of the Inner Man. Not a revealing closeup—just a glimpse. I saw George Sanders as a fellow with a sense of humor so keen that it might easily be misunderstood—so rich that he can turn it on himself and joke about his own murder.

As I arose to leave, I found courage to ask a last question. "My dear Mr. Sanders, if you were given a choice what type of murder would you prefer?"

"I can more easily tell you which I should fear above all others," he replied solemnly. "All my life I have dreaded being killed with kindness."

In answer to my blank, inquisitive stare, George Sanders smiled with rare charm. "If I were killed with kindness, I shouldn't know whom to suspect!"

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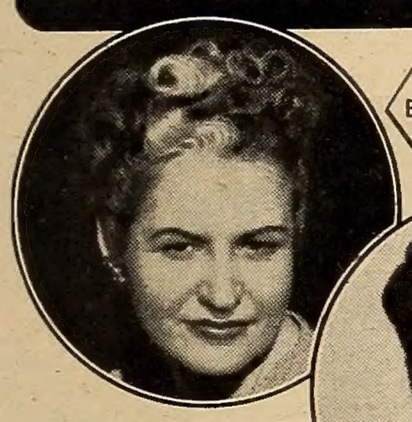
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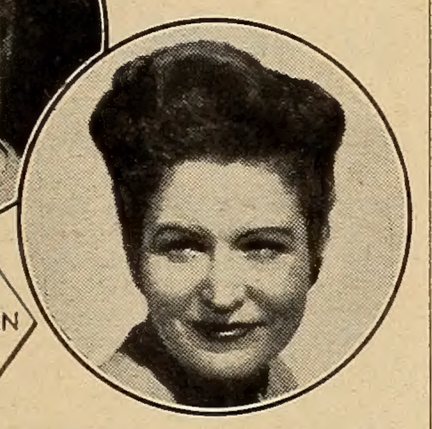
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"Little Lamb Chop"

Continued from page 26

be-dimpled darlings armed with tap shoes and vocal arrangements. One after another they perform for weary casting directors who endure this endless parade in the hope of discovering the next great child star. Margaret O'Brien, without a curl or dimple, song or dance, is the first little girl to achieve stardom on sheer acting ability. Paradoxically, Margaret is the daughter of a dancer, known professionally as Gladys Flores.

At first glance Margaret seems almost plain. After you have been with her a while it comes as a shock that the child is really lovely. By that time, however, it doesn't make any difference. You have already been "softened up" by a pathetic gleam in her hazel eyes that makes you want to cry even when she smiles at you.

"I guess I've always known that Margaret would be an actress," her youthful mother reflects. "She was reared in the glare of a spotlight. When Margaret was born I gave up dancing, but traveled with my sister, Marissa, who continued her career as a solo dancer after we had split as a team. One night at a farewell performance in a St. Louis hotel, the applause for Marissa's encore suddenly turned to laughter. I couldn't understand the reason until I noticed that Margaret, who had slipped away from our table, was at Marissa's side, smiling at the audience and taking bows. She was a little over two at the time.

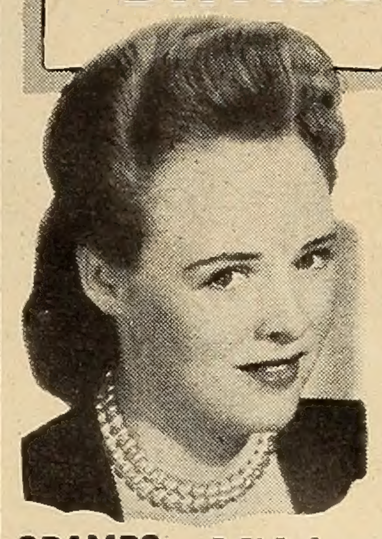
"Then there was the time Marissa was doing her 'Poetry In Motion' act from the stage of a Miami theater and Margaret simultaneously performed the same routine from the audience. It ruined Marissa's performance, but indicated the baby's talent for mimicry."

Two years ago, Margaret played her first bit part before the cameras. It was with Mickey Rooney in "Babes On Broadway." She did everything the director told her to do, and added a few little pieces of "business" of her own. Mickey, no mean ad-libber himself, was so entranced with her performance, he christened her his "Little Lamb Chop," a pet name he has reserved exclusively for her. This kiss marked the start of Margaret's love list, which has since become complicated by jealousy and deep, dark intrigue.

Robert Young started it all by presenting her with a bowl of roses in which nestled a huge, white bunny. He understands the feminine heart, does Mr. Young. But he made the unforgivable mistake of absent-mindedly calling her "Barbara," not once, but over and over again. When Margaret discovered that her mysterious rival was Barbara Young, Bob's nine-year-old daughter, she graciously consented to share his affections with Barbara on condition that she be allowed to divide *her* time between Bob and Mickey.

This arrangement worked quite well until Orson Welles came into her life to play her father in "Jane Eyre." Orson's feigned aloofness was a stinging challenge to her femininity. Back and forth, forth and back, she paced in front of him, but nary a flicker did she get from the great one. Finally, unable to contain himself

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any longer, he grinned down at her and sonorously bellowed, "How's Maggie the old bag today?" It was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

The plot thickened when James Craig found her in "Lost Angel." This handsome Tennessean courted her with true Southern chivalry. "How about my sugar?" was his morning greeting, and Margaret would run across the set and into his arms to be lifted up for the "Sugar"—Southern for kiss.

Margaret might have managed nicely with Jimmy, Mickey, Bob and Orson if she hadn't met HIM—Van Johnson, redheaded, freckled, and with an endearing crooked smile. "I love men with red hair," sighed Margaret.

"That's not his own hair," lied Jimmy Craig outrageously, "it's a toupee." His desperate attempt to win back Margaret's heart was unavailing. She put good-looking Van on top of her ever-growing list, until—

She met a ghost! In his luminous grey makeup, "Canterville Ghost" Charles Laughton frightened her at first, but when he explained he was a "very tired old ghost who isn't sleeping or eating very well," she quickly added him to her love list. While his four rivals yelled "unfair," Mr. Laughton lifted Margaret onto his ample lap and proceeded to read Kipling's "Just So Stories" to her.

In the world of make-believe, Mr. Laughton has serious competition for Margaret's affection in the person of Lionel Barrymore. What Lionel lacks in lap space he makes up in his gift for story telling. It was Mr. Barrymore who uttered the now famous description of Margaret: "If she had been born two hundred years ago, she'd have been burned at the stake for a witch."

Despite all this adulation, Margaret has remained sensible and unspoiled. She lives with her mother and Aunt Marissa, who has given up dancing to coach Margaret, in an apartment in a middle-class neighborhood. Her dearest friend is Carol Saunders, her stand-in. Recently, when M-G-M decided to replace Carol with a midget, Margaret pleaded to retain her friend. "You've just got to keep Carol as my stand-in because she's just my size, and when I grow up, she'll grow up, but the midget will always stay the same size."

Recently King George awarded Margaret a medal in behalf of the people of Canada for her performance in a screen short to stimulate the sale of Canadian War Bonds. Margaret has also received the statuette of St. Bridget from the Los Angeles Gaelic Society for the best screen performance of the year by a person of Irish descent.

With all this fame, she must still face little-girl problems. The loss of her front teeth is a great trial. A tiny bridge has been fitted into the gap, but incoming teeth keep pushing it out of place. Tedious sittings in the dentist's chair have brought bizarre excuses for a hasty get-away.

"Please hurry," she begged the other day. "I must get back to the set right away. They're hanging Mr. Laughton at two o'clock and I mustn't miss it!"



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